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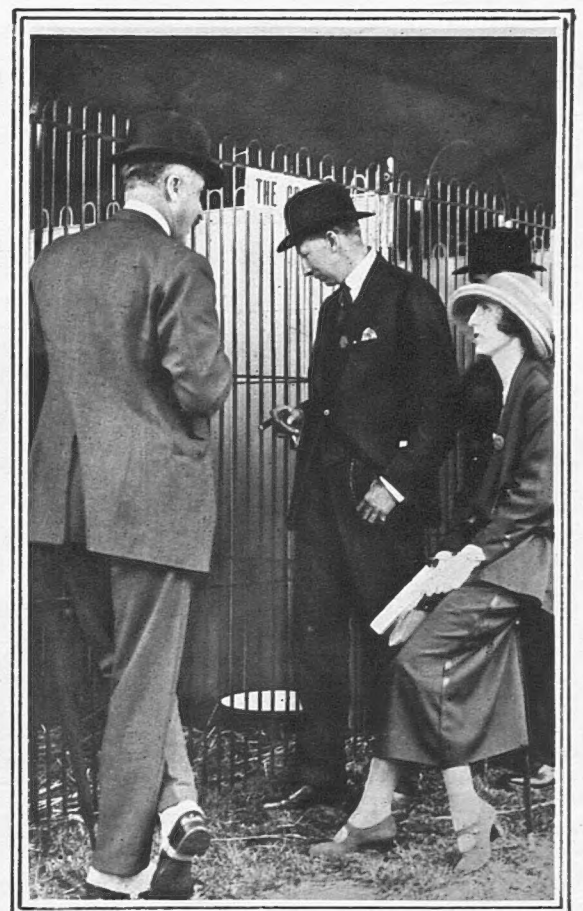
THE PETERBOROUGH ANNUAL FOXHOUND SHOW.



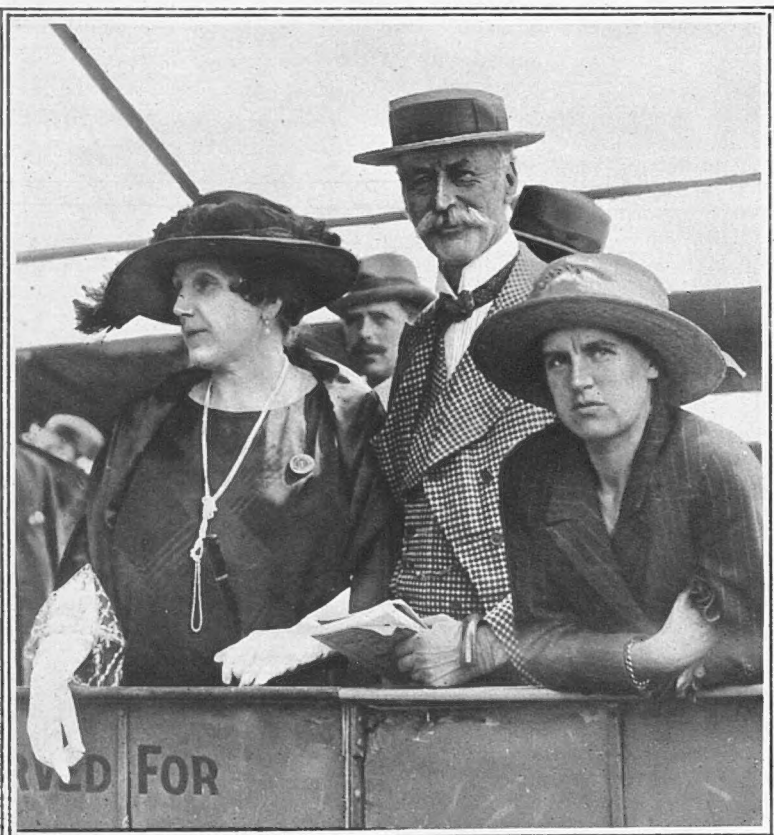
THE TWO DAUGHTERS OF MR. BROTHERHOOD:
MISS SHEILA AND MISS ELIZABETH BROTHERHOOD.



TALKING TO MR. FULLER:
MRS. NORMAN LODER.



LOOKING AT AN EXHIBIT: LORD AND LADY
HILLINGDON.



WITH THE MARCHIONESS (FORMERLY MRS. JAMES MACDONALD):
THE MARQUESS OF HUNTLY.



WATCHING THE JUDGING: A GROUP INCLUDING THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT (CENTRE), LADY
DIANA SOMERSET (IMMEDIATELY BEHIND), AND LADY CHESHAM (THIRD FROM R., 2ND ROW).

of the lovely Cadogan girls, the daughters of the late Lord Chelsea and the Hon. Lady Meux, and sister of Lady Blandford and Lady Stanley. The Marquess of Huntly is the premier Marquess of Scotland. His first wife died in 1920, and he recently married Mrs. James Macdonald. The present Marchioness of Huntly is American, and is well known in both London and New York Society. Her first husband was formerly Managing Director of the Standard Oil Company.—[Photographs by Alfieri and S. and G.]

The Jottings of Jane; Being "Sunbeams out of Cucumbers."

The Best Dance of a Wonderful Season.

Everyone was unanimous last week in the decision that Lady Ward's dance at Dudley House was quite the best of a very wonderful season.

It wasn't only because it was Dudley House—one of the finest of London residences. Nor was it only because Princess Mary was there, and the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught. Their Royal Highnesses have been to many of the important parties of the last month.

Perhaps it was due to some subtle and hidden force by which every woman is persuaded that it is tremendously worth while to don her loveliest gown and look her supreme best. And, being pleased with herself, she was—every woman was—naturally pleased with the rest of the world. She smiled as she mounted the stately stairs in her stateliest manner. She smiled as she met her host and hostess. She went on smiling as she greeted partner after partner, till the two ball-rooms seemed filled with more fun than could be credited solely to the good orchestra.

A Beautiful Hostess in a Lovely Gown.

And everyone who is hypersensitive to atmosphere suddenly saw the happy spirit of this house. It presided over every little group of animated people. Most of all it radiated from the host and hostess. They, too, were pleased because they were so obviously giving great pleasure. Lady Ward, in a beautiful gown of a tissue that was neither apricot nor pink nor mauve, but a pleasing new tone that suggested first one and then the others—a gown with long strings of pearls pending from the shoulders, and a train in keeping with the stateliness of the ball-rooms—Lady Ward had something really individual with which to welcome every guest. It was not just a hurried passing, and then absorption into a moving crowd. To start with, there was no crowd. And, if there had been, it would not have seemed a crowd in rooms where Old Masters made everyone forget to be modern. There were very few old people, and the few there were had grown really young suddenly. Bad dancers danced beautifully for once. And if this seems an exaggeration, just ask anyone who was there. Good dancers danced so well that they

wanted to go on for ever. The green brocade walls of the picture gallery, the wonderful marqueterie floor, the old Waterford chandeliers with their softly shaded electric-lights behaving as kindly as real candles, the panelled walls with their Louis XVI. decoration of the ball-room itself—all these things made the

great beauties of to-day look more beautiful than ever before. And they were all there. But as no names have appeared in any daily paper, it is obviously the hostess's wish not to advertise, so Jane will respect it. And it is quite long ago now, but London still talks about it. London has no doubt at all that it was quite the ball of the season. No future one could surpass it. And that is because London never has and London never will produce a *nicer* and a more popular hostess than Lady Ward. The only child of the late American Ambassador, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, has all the traditional charm of her countrywomen. Her prematurely grey hair is wondrously becoming to her young face. Her dignity and her warm joyousness blend so evenly that you are at once conscious of a *grande dame* and a great, happy-hearted soul. She is a Lady of Grace of St. John of

Jerusalem, and a Companion of the British Empire.

Sir John Ward is, of course, a brother of the present Lord Dudley, and a son of the first Earl. He is a K.C.V.O., and has been Equerry to King Edward, to Queen Alexandra, and to King George successively. His soldier nursery was the Worcester Regiment. He was A.D.C. to General Brabazon (commanding Imperial Yeomanry in South Africa), and was G.S.O. 3 in France during the late war, when he was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour and mentioned several times in despatches. But what concerned London most the other night—he is as splendid a host as Lady Ward is a hostess. It is pleasing to know that there are two sons. When all of us are doddering in the backwaters of memory, lying awake till dawn waiting for our young people to return from dancing at Dudley House, we will probably say as our own mothers say to-day: "Ah, but it was more wonderful in *my* day! I'm sure the ball to-night could not have equalled the one in 1922. . . My dear, I wore . . ." And what we wore ourselves will, after all, matter more than all the rest. In retrospect one is so apt, alas! to think of ourselves as the real centre. All the candles were lighted only for *us*. The music stirred only *our* blood till our feet danced with only one other pair of feet, and the rest were



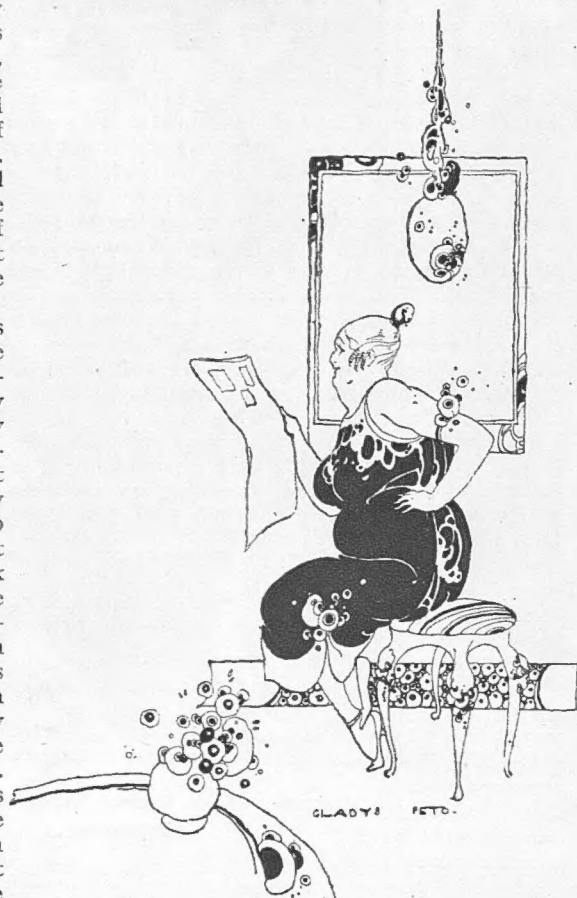
just an accompaniment. . . . But, after all, it was only last week. . . . We haven't reached the reminiscent stage *yet*!

The Marchioness of Bath's Ball.

The next ball of last week was the one at 29, Grosvenor Square. Lady Bath was hostess to the Princess Royal, Prince Henry, Princess Arthur of Connaught and Princess Maud, and to all the young dancing people among Lady Mary Thynne's friends.

There was a dinner-party before the dance that included the Duke of York and Prince Paul of Serbia. Lady Salisbury took a party of young people. So did Lady Normanton, Lady Knaresborough, Lady Ribblesdale, Lady Nunburnholme and Lady Elizabeth Dawson.

Lady Mary Thynne is undoubtedly the loveliest girl in London to-day, which is saying a great deal. Never has London been so full of loveliness. And I do not know whether a miracle has happened, but all the girls Jane knows have wonderfully good manners. The daily papers still preach and scold and suggest, but Jane has no fault to find. She has seen no trace of vulgarity or fastness, rudeness or bad taste, at any of the parties this season. Jane begins to suspect that the paragraph writers who have so much to say against the modern girl may possibly be just copying other paragraph



1. Aunt Babsie looked forward very much to the Eton and Harrow, as she wished to consolidate the acquaintanceship of several young men whom she met at Henley—innocently believing that an aptitude for rowing implies one for all field sports.



2. Kitten didn't know much about cricket, but thought she should be there, particularly as Pussie wasn't going. Kitten said that *did* seem a pity.

writers, making a kind of vicious circle. And as for the young men, they are perfection. One is tired of the word "pre-war." But there is no other that is adequate. We have got back to pre-war ways. People are polite—even young people. And one can't emphasise the fact too often. I am sure if only the more ill-bred of the masses realised that the manners of the *élite* are really as good as ever, they would try to emulate them. There is nothing so contagious as good manners. Even Dean Inge must admit that it is hard not to forgive almost anything if only the culprit's words and voice and manner be polite enough.

Other dances last week were Mrs. Bischoffsheim's on Monday night, at her house in Park Lane. On the same night Lady Islington gave a dance for her daughter, Miss Joan Dickson-Poynder. There were several big dinner-parties at Claridge's for one or other of these dances.

Lady Joan Peake was dining alone with her husband and looking so happy. It is always a wonderful time—that returning to London after one's honeymoon. You can't quite get used to the idea that it is *all right* being alone in a restaurant with a young man. And you try so hard to sit there looking as if you had been doing just this for about ten years! Next to getting engaged, your first dinner alone with your young husband in a big restaurant is surely the greatest thrill life has to offer!

Lady Cassillis was also at Claridge's with Lady Grizel Hamilton and a large dinner-party. Sir Edward and Lady Worthington were there, and Mrs. Charles Guthrie, who looked beautiful all in white. Lady Lindsay was wearing another one of her becoming head-dresses—a lovely pearl one—and went on to Lady Islington's dance. Lady Blois was with another dinner-party. Mr. and Mrs. Doubleday were dining together, Mrs. Doubleday wearing a lovely red-and-gold brocade gown which suited her fair hair wonderfully. Miss Kate Horne, Lord Horne's pretty daughter, looked very well in black. Lady Titchfield, in a long, pale mauve gown of crêpe marocain, was entertaining a large party for the charity dance in an adjacent room.

Sir Norman Lamont was with Lady Grizel Hamilton's party. He is the Laird of Knockdow, in Argyll, and has been in turn Parliamentary Secretary to Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, when he was P.M.; to Mr. Winston Churchill, when he was President of the Board of Trade; and Honorary Secretary of the Scottish Liberal Association.

Other Events.

Other events of the week were the Tennis Tournament at Queen's Club and the invitation tournament at Sir Arthur and Lady Crossfield's delightful house at Highgate. Then, on Tuesday, Mrs. McLaren had a most original party at her wonderful house in South Street.

It is indeed a wonderful house, with its black marble hall and staircase, the great white marble dining-room, and the priceless and rare tapestries and furniture everywhere. It seemed terrible vandalism that about eighty-five people should be standing (with their shoes on!) on the old Mogul carpet on the library landing. I heard Sir Cecil Harcourt-Smith (of the Victoria and Albert Museum) telling someone that it was seventeenth century and one of seven in the world valued at anything over £7000! Lady George Cholmondeley had arranged some delightful dances

on a great stage in the bow window in the library, where some several hundred people were invited to see. Lady Diana Cooper took part, her hair done in quite a new way, showing her ears. She looked lovely in all her graceful poses, wearing a pale rose-pink brocade. Count Torby made a wonderful gentleman of the seventeenth century. Miss Myrtle Farquharson danced very well, but it took me several minutes to decide it *was* she, as her white wig and ruffle completely changed her. Miss Poppy Baring was another I just managed to recognise on the stage. Miss Olga Lynn, Mrs. Walter Rubens, and Mr. Eugene Goossens sang some delightful *chansons à danser*, the orchestra played perfectly, and one would have liked spending the whole delightful evening there if it had not been for several other parties many of us had promised to go on to.

Mrs. McLaren looked charming in an old-world picture gown of silver lace—an exact replica of the one she is wearing in the big portrait opposite the hall door. Mr. and Mrs. Asquith were there to see their son "Puffin" in the dances. The Duchess of Rutland, Mrs. Farquharson, Lord and Lady Bury, Mrs. Stonor, and the Grand Duke Michael were just a few of the well-known people I saw who were congratulating Lady George Cholmondeley on the success of her dances.

Another party that night was Mrs. Cecil Campbell's in Bryanston Square, where young people—mostly boys and girls—danced until dawn; a really delightful dance, but Jane could only stay a very little while. Lady Bingham was there; and Lord and Lady Campden took a young party, and there were a number of other young dinner hostesses.

Lady Cunard's Dance.

The big ball of the night was Lady Cunard's, at her house in Carlton House Terrace. Lady Cunard had sprained her ankle, so had to receive her guests standing at the top of the stairs leaning on a big stick. But she looked very well in spite of it, in a silvery dress and a most becoming high Russian head-dress of pearls and diamonds.

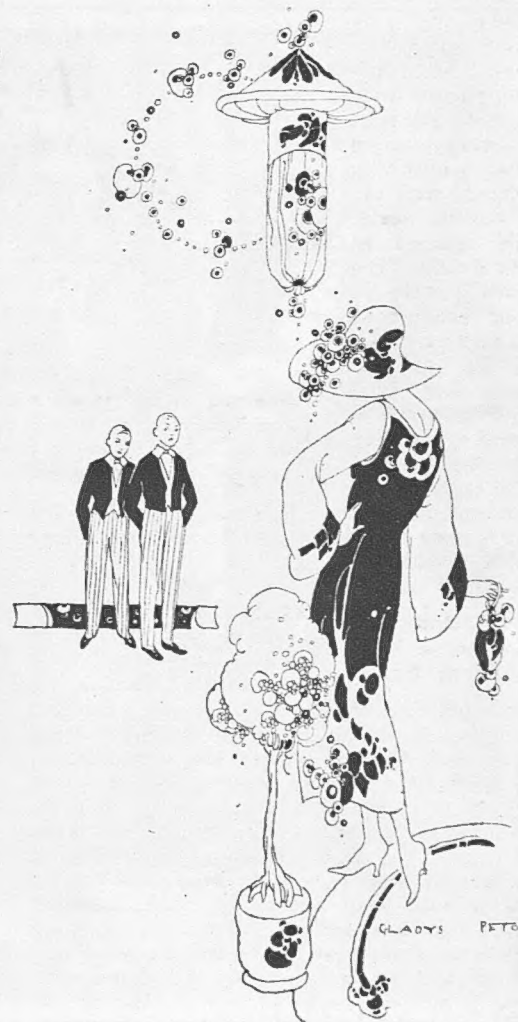
The Prince of Wales was there, dancing the whole evening, and so was the Duke of York. Both dined with Lady Cunard, just as did a number of young people. Mrs. Fairbairn, Lady Cunard's daughter, looked very pretty in a white tulle dress with a little tight-fitting bodice of satin. The Duchess of Atholl, in green, took her charming ward, Miss McCallum, for whom she is entertaining so much this season. Lady Betty Butler, Jane thought one of the prettiest girls in the room. She has the same smile that makes her sister, the Duchess of Sutherland, always like an added sunbeam in the room—or should one say an extra electric-light?

Mrs. Dudley Ward was chaperoning her young sister, Miss Vera Birkin, again, and both looked very pretty. Lady Alexandra Curzon looked her best in a simple gown of green crêpe marocain. Everyone thinks she is growing more and more like her mother, the first beautiful Lady Curzon. Miss Ashley was dancing with her fiancé (who was to become her husband yesterday—July 18) and looking very sweet and radiantly happy.

And, to finish up the season, this week Lady Curzon's ball, the Peace Day Ball at



3. Angela knows nothing about cricket at all; but it was essential that she should display her new hat.



4. But the escort of nephews greeted her appearance with alarm and despondency, and demanded removal of the hat, which, they said, would cast shadows over the pitch and demoralise the players.

the Hyde Park Hotel in aid of the Princess Mary Scholarship, and the Duchess of Sutherland's ball. And how anyone is alive at all is beyond Jane, who has never known such a season.

IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.

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Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")



Roads.

My interest in roads has been suddenly and somewhat violently renewed. Without in any way encroaching on the preserves of the admirable writer of "Motor Dicta," I should like to say that motorists whose duty or pleasure causes them to make frequent use of the roads that lead into London have my sincere sympathy. I hope they possess strong spines, strong nerves, strong springs, and the best possible tyres. They need them all.

There is a heavy tax, by the way, on motor-cars. This tax is supposed to be devoted to the upkeep of the roads. A very large amount of money is raised annually by the tax on motor-cars. I don't know what the authorities do with it. It may be that they are improving the roads from the coast inwards. It may be that the roads in Cornwall—say, from Land's End to St. Just in Penwith—are magnificent. I don't know. I must go there and see. What I do know is that the road-menders are still a long way from the London district.

Mind you, it is possible, by driving very slowly, and clinging to the wheel so tightly that the blood recedes from the fingers as far as the knuckles, to keep on the road. You may not always succeed in remaining on your side of it, but you can, with great pains, keep out of the ditch. So we must not complain, perhaps, too bitterly. After all, lorries come first—and usually stay first.

Wayside Hotels.

Here I am on my own ground. Professional writers on the subject of motoring do, it is true, occasionally have a flick at the wayside hotel. But their heart is not in the business. They are dying to get back to rear bearing housings, and blank flanges, and thrust rings, and gudgeon pins, and rocker shafts, and sleeves for short bushes, and hot-air muffs, and throttle-valve spindles, and clutch stop plungers, and nave plates, and locking washers and all the other dear, delightful abominations that will always be associated in my mind with the Great War, and a derelict picture-house in Reading, and icy cold mornings, and a sergeant-instructor with such a thin veneer of respect for officers in training that brutal contempt simply oozed from every pore of his countenance.

Hotels are a human subject. I shall therefore insist on my right to refer, every now and then, to hotels. Hotels are of the utmost importance to the touring motorist. They are his homes when away from home. A man will travel the length and breadth of England to re-visit an hotel in which he has been kindly and sympathetically housed. (I was going to say "treated," but we don't expect that. Up to a certain point, we can do that ourselves.)

The sort of hotel I don't like is the one which receives you with languor, shows you to your room with indifference, waits on you with resentment, puts umbrage into your salad, compiles your bill with enthusiasm, and bangs the door on your back before it is quite clear of the lintel.

Nowadays, we enter the hotel with an apology, never dare to ask the price of a room, beg the landlord not to put himself out in any way, implore the landlady not to give us anything to eat but bread-and-cheese, give the chambermaid half-a-crown every time we meet her in the corridor, creep starving into an icy bed, and hurry to the post-office the first thing in the morning to wire our bankers for more money.

Motorists to Blame?

There are, of course, many unspoilt hostelries. With the proprietors of such I have discussed this matter of the clutching mit and the icy face. They tell me, respectfully and with regret, that the motorists have themselves to blame. They assure me that the decent motorist suffers for the sins of the objectionable. One lady, of somewhat fierce aspect but kindly heart, who presides over an inn anciently established and boasting a room where Thackeray wrote his last novel, astonished me by saying that she would gladly sacrifice any money to be made out of motorists if they would stay away from her house for ever.

Something ought to be done about this. There must be a happy mean between the bully of by-gone days and the timid, palpitating little hare of to-day. The A.A. and the R.A.C. might institute a Course of Instruction in How to Behave on Entering an Hotel. A model inn might be erected on a piece of waste ground, and prizes given for Approaching, Alighting, Entering, Inquiring for a Room, Washing Your Hands, Sitting Down to Lunch, Paying Your Bill, and Leaving. Those of us who failed to win

prizes might at least get Certificates of Merit, which we could show to roadside landlords before going any further.

The Course of Instruction would, of course, be extended to landlords, landladies, managers, and manageresses. Especially, perhaps, to manageresses. I have no wish to be ungallant, but the manageress is not always overflowing with cheeriness and goodwill. I know two or three who would benefit from a Course of Instruction in the Art of Receiving, Caring for, and Generally Mothering the weary wanderer on the bumpy roads of dear Old England.



ENGAGED TO MR. H. T. W. BOUSFIELD: LADY JUNE BUTLER.

The engagement of Lady June Butler, younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Carrick, to Mr. H. T. W. Bousfield, son of the late Rev. Stephen Bousfield, has just been announced. Lady June, who is twenty-one, is a very clever girl, and has published a book of poems as well as written a good deal on topical questions for the daily papers.

Photograph by F. A. Swaine.

In the Old Days.

There was much to be said for the fellow who, in days gone by, arrived at a wayside hostelry in his own chaise or on the roof of a coach. Even before entering the hotel he had knocked down an ostler or two. Once inside, he yelled for the landlord, smote the table with his whip or his stick, called for a murrain on the house and a tankard of the best mull'd ale in the same breath, swore at the shivering landlord for a sluggish lie-a-bed, chucked the landlord's daughter under the chin, kissed the chambermaid, and flung his top-boots down the stairs with a crash that woke everybody who was still asleep.

A Family Study.



WITH DESMOND ALLAN ADAIR : MRS. ALLAN HENRY SHAFTO ADAIR.

Mrs. Allan Henry Shafto Adair is the wife of Mr. A. H. Shafto Adair, M.C., Grenadier Guards, only son of Sir Robert Shafto Adair, fifth Baronet, of Flixton Hall, Sussex. She is the youngest daughter of the late

William Humble Dudley Ward, and of the Hon. Mrs. Dudley Ward, and a grand-daughter of the first Viscount Esher. Mrs. Adair was married in 1919, and has a small son, Desmond Allan, born in 1920.

Portrait Study by Marcus Adams; The Children's Studio, 43, Dover Street, W.



ON THE LAWN AT CHILSTON: THE HON. MRS. MAURICE BRETT—FORMERLY MISS ZENA DARE—AND HER DAUGHTERS.



IN THE ROSE GARDEN: THE ONE-TIME MISS ZENA DARE AND HER LITTLE GIRLS.

AT HER WINDSOR FOREST HOME: THE ONE-TIME MISS

Miss Zena Dare, the sister of Miss Phyllis Dare, whose charm still delights theatre-goers, will long be remembered as a stage favourite. Her successes include the creation of the rôle of Angela in "The Catch of the Season," the title-rôle of "Lady Madcap," and many other parts, as well as numerous appearances as Principal Girl in pantomimes. The Dare sisters represent the English ideal of beauty and charm, and when Miss Zena Dare left the stage on her marriage to the Hon. Maurice Brett, O.B.E., M.V.O., second son of Viscount Esher, which took place in January 1911, she was regretted by theatre-goers all over England. Mrs. Brett is just the same girlish and charming beauty as she

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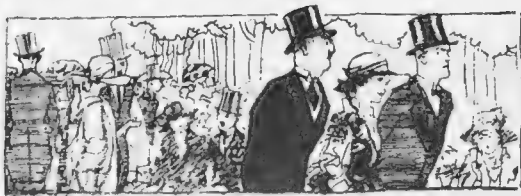
WITH SOME OF THE LIVESTOCK: MISS ANGELA AND MISS MARIE LOUISE BRETT.



WATCHING ANGELA AND MARIE LOUISE MANIPULATE THE HOSE: THE HON. MAURICE BRETT AND MRS. BRETT.

ZENA DARE WITH HER HUSBAND AND DAUGHTERS.

was when she delighted audiences at the Vaudeville and other London and provincial theatres, as these new photographs of her show. They were taken at Chilston, Windsor Forest, her beautiful home, and show her with her husband and her two little girls. Angela Mariel Balliol Brett is the eldest of the family, as she was born in October 1911; and Marie Louise Brett is the youngest, as she made her appearance in 1916. There is a boy, Anthony Reginald Forbes Balliol Brett, the middle one in the family, who is now nine. The Hon. Maurice Brett, who served during the war, attaining the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the Black Watch, was appointed Deputy Keeper and Librarian of the London Museum in 1919.



The Clubman. By Beveren.

A Daly's and Lyric Outing. The private party at Mr. James White's residence and racing establishment at Foxhill, on the Wiltshire Downs, when the companies of Daly's and the Lyric Theatres were entertained, was one of those outings which, in the old days at least, the bloods would have been willing to pay fabulous sums to attend. And most of the "flappers" from the suburbs would have been crazed to be there as well. Cynics say that a long succession of Theatrical Garden Parties and the very frequent appearances of stage beauties at bazaars and at-homes have robbed theatrical folk of their fascinating mystery. But I doubt it. There is always a new succession of wonderers and admirers. Mr. White does these things in a princely way. A special train left Paddington at 9 a.m. There were big motor-cars to take the guests from Swindon across the Downs to Foxhill. There was a champagne luncheon in a big marquee. The village band was there, playing heartily and with stamina. As Daly's celebrated conductor, Mr. Merlin Morgan, remarked, "Brass-band music always seems more appropriate when it accompanies the smell of flowers and fresh-cut grass."

The Racehorse Parade. There was a parade of the stallions at Foxhill to begin with. It was good to see again Irish Elegance, most superb of racehorses; and Sir Berkeley of the rolling eye. Then white-jacketed stable-lads brought along the mares and their foals, and they were led into a big field, the foals circling and curveting about their dams. There was one exciting moment when two mares—startled, perhaps, by the admiring comments of the chorus ladies—pranced and lifted their heels to the imminent danger of Mr. White and that eminent sportsman, Mr. Charley Mills; but the two legged it out of the danger zone with cool-headed alacrity.

Then followed a cricket match in which Mr. Billy Merson and Steve Donoghue, the jockey, went in first for the combined theatre companies, who were playing against Foxhill. Donoghue got out first ball, and Mr. Merson received a stinger on the leg. But Mr. Harry Welchman, Daly's *jeune premier*, hit out lustily, and prevented a rot. When Foxhill went in to bat they discovered that Mr. Alec Fraser can bowl a good-length ball. He got four wickets. It was bitterly cold that day, but the chorus ladies did not desert the match, and applauded every stroke.

Miss Ivy Tresmand Responds. The game ended for the very good reason that luncheon was ready. A very happy affair this! Mr. White had Mr. Harry Welchman on his right hand, and Miss Ivy Tresmand, who plays the

soubrette part at Daly's, on his left. Mr. Cecil Paget, the able and pleasant-mannered general manager at Daly's, was there; and so was Mr. Blackman, the producer, whose name the company received with acclamation. Mr. Welchman proposed Mr. White's health, and Mr. White responded with a speech full of point and fun, and said it depended on Steve Donoghue whether next year he would be entertaining the companies of four theatres and not two. Steve Donoghue, perched on a chair, told the gathering that no owner had stuck to him through thick and thin like Mr. White. As a jockey he had had all sorts of things said about him, but he always did his best, and his greatest ambition now was to ride a Derby winner for Mr. White.

Jimmy Wilde, the champion boxer, who had motored over, came in as Donoghue sat down, and he was promptly compelled, before he had had time to eat or drink, to toast

prevent Miss Mai Bacon from being thrown. Mr. Billy Merson was *facile princeps* at balancing a bottle on his head while picking up a sixpence with his teeth. One girl collapsed with excitement after a double dead-heat in the 100 yards race. Miss Joan Emney had to have her wrist bandaged because of her efforts in the tug-of-war. Miss Doré Plowden got a nasty blow in the face while playing "bumble-puppy."

There was dancing on the lawn and more cheers and speeches before the motor-cars went off to catch the 8 p.m. "special" from Swindon back to London. It was indeed a memorably cheerful day.

Better Fielding. Those cricket writers who have never played cricket, and apparently think that the elevens in the University match ought to play not to win but to afford incident for the spectators, blamed Cambridge for the slowness of their batting on the opening day. How effectively Cambridge confounded them! The wicket on the Monday was of the kind that if Fiddian-Green, Hill-Wood and Duggart had gone cheaply, the whole Cambridge team might have been skittled out by lunch-time. It was additionally obvious, when Hubert Ashton (who went in with the intention of quickening the pace of the run-getting) had to play cautiously, that the Cambridge method was the right one. The critics who wanted the Cambridge batsmen to take risks might just as well assert that Patterson should serve less fiercely so that the on-lookers might be more certain of witnessing exciting rallies. Good cricket is interesting to watch whether or not wickets tumble, or boundary hit follows boundary hit.

Hedges and Stevens had no qualms about playing a defensive game when they tried to save the game for Oxford; and did the right thing. Nerves played a big part in the *débâcle* of the second innings. The fielding was one of the exhilarating features of the match, as it was last year. But there is a big improvement in fielding in English cricket generally this season—a distinctly happy sign after the laboured exhibitions in the Test matches last year.

Pictures at the Admiralty. Lord Lee has installed some of his best pictures—and he possesses a notable collection—at Admiralty House. They lend an additional attractiveness to the parties given there by Lord and Lady Lee. The last time I was there, Lord Balfour was present. He does not seem to have aged at all since the war. I noted, too, that he talked much more about the lawn-tennis championships and the development of the game than about current politics.

But he has always enjoyed the health-giving advantages of a detached mind.



A THEATRICAL GARDEN PARTY AT FOXHILL, SWINDON: GUESTS OF MR. JIMMY WHITE, RACEHORSE OWNER AND THEATRICAL MAGNATE.

Foxhill, Swindon, the residence of Mr. "Jimmy" White, the well-known racehorse owner and theatrical magnate, connected with Daly's, the Lyric, and other theatres, was the scene of a garden party at which Mr. White entertained the theatrical companies of the Lyric and Daly's. Our photograph shows some of the guests on the lawn.—[Photograph by T.P.A.]

"The Ladies," which he did in the simple, unaffected way he has. Miss Ivy Tresmand replied in a neat, charmingly expressed sentence. She said the ladies were glad to hear such kind things said about them; but, all the same, the men did not love the girls so much as the girls loved them.

A Tremendous Tug-of-War.

And then for the rest of the afternoon and evening uproarious fun at the sports. The bigger Lyric girls beat the Daly's girls in the tug-of-war, but were revenged when Daly's men pulled against the men from the Lyric. The ground was slippery, and it was difficult to get a foothold, which added to the hilarity, while in one pull the excitement was so intense that spectators joined in to assist, and there must have been sixty people on the rope.

A little lady named Hawes, of the Lyric, beat everyone in the donkey race. Mr. Harry Welchman won the wheelbarrow race, just contriving not to overturn his fair passenger. Jimmy Wilde got a severe kick from a high-spirited donkey when trying to

Crack Men of the Crack Counties.



A. C. RUSSELL.

as a player of fast bowling, writing of bowling when it was fast, and not the amiable medium pace of to-day.

A. C. RUSSELL.

Next to Perrin easily the best bat in the Essex eleven now, and since the best days of A. P. Lucas, Brig.-Gen. A. J. Turner, "Bob" Carpenter, and C. McGahey, comes "Jack" Russell, son of that hardy old wicket-keeper, Tom Russell. At the present moment, Russell is at the head of the averages, with the highest aggregate. The Essex player is a very strong on-side batsman, and most of his strokes are forearm strokes. In such a weak bowling side as that of Essex, Russell does not bowl enough. He may have a close race with Hobbs for the 2000 aggregate.



J. G. DIXON.

P. A. PERRIN.

P. PERRIN is by general consent the greatest batsman who has never played for England. C. B. Fry used to say of him many years ago, when Perrin was one of the five best batsmen in the world (Ranji, Trumper, MacLaren, and Hayward being the other four), that Perrin was one of the very few batsmen who "know how to bat." That was quite true then; it is equally true now, when he has still no superior at playing the ball in plenty of time with the middle of his blade. Always one of the strongest of back players, Perrin had only W. G. Grace and A. P. Lucas as his superiors



P. A. PERRIN.

Perhaps he suffers from being No. 2 on the batting order in one match, No. 7 or 8 in the next, and No. 9 or 5 in the third. Even so, such experience has its advantage.

J. FREEMAN.

Freeman has been a kind of Jack of all trades in the Essex eleven for a good many years now. Sometimes he has had to keep wicket, and sometimes not. All the time he has been a useful batsman, getting many good runs when wanted. A lack of weight to put behind his strokes has handicapped him all through his cricket career; but he has plenty of strokes, and on a good wicket needs a lot of digging out.



H. M. MORRIS.

H. M. MORRIS.

H. M. Morris is one of those mysterious people, a first-class cricketer who managed to get through a season at Fenner's without getting his Blue. There have been others before him, and others will follow him, both there and at Oxford, as the 'Varsity season is always too short, and talent and ability often pass unrecognised as such at both Fenner's and the Parks. Morris is a very good field, and, as a batsman, he is one of those blessings in these days—a player who hits the ball.

J. G. DIXON.

J. G. Dixon is a cricketer who, as an all-rounder, is a little disappointing. He seems always to be a bit better than his figures.



J. FREEMAN.

LOOK AT THESE PICTURES AND



Forehand volley. Head of racket should not have been dropped in the stroke.



Forehand drive at beginning of the forward swing. Good foot and body position.



High backhand volley near net. Finish. Note good position of head of racket.



Low forehand drive at finish of stroke.



Getting into position to make a backhand stroke. Footwork is good.



Backhand volley. Finish of stroke; weight of body has been put into stroke.



Low backhand volley. Note firm wrist and good position of body.



High backhand volley. Feet in good position; ball hit truly.



Backhand smash (front view) just after ball has been struck. Good shot; but played with too little shoulder & body swing.



Backhand grip: Front View?



Service: Beginning of forward swing. Heel of right foot should not have been lifted until after ball has been struck.



Service: Beginning of forward swing; ball has been thrown up too far forward and body weight cannot, therefore, be put into the blow.



Service: Beginning of forward swing.

MRS. BEAMISH GIVES "SKETCH" READERS A

To play a good game of lawn-tennis is the universal ambition of the moment, and everyone knows that the only way to achieve this is to learn to play each stroke correctly, to stand with feet placed in the right position, and to swing the racket in the approved manner. These

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY

IMPROVE YOUR LAWN-TENNIS.



Forehand drive at beginning of forward swing. Stroke played off the wrong foot, loss of follow through and balance result.

Low forehand drive, on the run. Ball has been hit very low and will travel across court.

Forehand drive. Just before forward swing of racket begins.

Forehand volley at net

Very low Volley on forehand while player is running in.



Backhand stroke : the ball has been played rather too near the body. This explains lifted elbow, which is not strictly correct.

Backhand stroke at moment the racket is striking the ball.

Finish of backhand stroke off the ground. Good position of feet and body, together with firm wrist.

Backhand smash. Weight should be more on front foot at moment of making stroke.



Service : Ball has just been struck.

Service : Follow through of racket after striking ball, with good turn of shoulder and body as swing is completed.

Forehand Grip : Front View.

LAWN-TENNIS LESSON: STROKES EXPLAINED.

pages, which show Mrs. Beamish giving a lesson in lawn-tennis, will therefore appeal to every "Sketch" reader, and should be of great practical value to all who are trying to improve their game this season.

TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH."



Tales with a sting.

MRS. EBBSFLEET'S CORRESPONDENT.

By LAURENCE NORTH.

FANNY EBBSFLEET, still pretty and passing for the right side of thirty with those who didn't know better, welcomed her husband with a shrug of rather charming shoulders.

"You're early, Henry. The usual reason, I suppose?"

"Yes, I must rush off with the night mail to Liverpool."

"I knew it. It grows monotonous. Now don't say you're sorry, for I know you're not. And Liverpool may be Paris or anywhere else. Oh, of course, it's business. I understand."

"I wonder if you do, Fanny."

"You don't at any rate. However, who would be a woman? Aren't you going to dine? Is it so urgent as all that? Oh well, if you will sulk, sulk—I don't mind."

Ebbsfleet gave Fanny a curious look, checked something he was about to say, and left the room.

Ten minutes later she heard the street door close. He had never gone without good-bye before. Yes, matters were getting serious. Something was bound to happen soon. Why, why didn't Virginia make haste to send along something definite? Fanny was beginning to think that Virginia was not much use.

The aggrieved wife slept badly. Henry's departure had not been like others. It carried an uneasy hint of finality. Did she want finality? Certainly, if—and yet if the worst happened, how would she take it? She really could not tell. It would mean such a break-up—a plunge into uncertainty. She had been—oh, she was sure of it—an ill-used wife, justified in rebellion. But did she want a rebel husband—?

Her maid brought in the morning's letters. Nothing exciting, but yet—this might be decisive. Mrs. Ebbsfleet, for all her curiosity, took a long time to open the envelope. Well, it might not be important—only another put-off. At last she took courage and read—

"DEAR FANNY,—For some time past I have felt that my professional services have been of little use to you, and I scrupled to take your very generous retaining fee. The running expenses of my business, it is true, are heavy; but between old school friends, like you and me, sentiment counts for something, and, as little or nothing seemed likely to result from my exhaustive inquiries, I was on the point of giving up the affair as hopeless and returning your money when suddenly matters began to develop.

"That means, I fear, distressing news for you, but you wanted the truth. It is perhaps as well that you should have it, for once jealousy has taken possession of a woman, nothing but proof positive

of the suspected person's guilt or innocence can satisfy her. Perhaps not even that. Had it been in my power to restore your peace of mind, you know how glad I would have been. As it is, there is nothing for it but to state the bald facts, however unpleasant these may be.

"You engaged me to act for you—I agreed with some reluctance; but business is business, and once I had taken the case in hand, I had to go through with it. I could almost wish that I had thrown it up some weeks ago, before I made my startling discovery.

"In the initial stages of my inquiries, I felt convinced that Mr. Ebbsfleet was the most loyal and virtuous of men. His many sudden absences, which gave you such uneasiness, could all be accounted for satisfactorily. Nothing came out that could prejudice his faithfulness to you. I can tell you I sometimes felt horribly mean over the whole thing, but, as I say, business is business. Our paths had long lain apart, I did not know your husband, and your appeal to me was to be regarded as entirely professional. Believing—shall I say hoping?—that I should discover nothing to Mr. Ebbsfleet's discredit, I set my people to work.

"Seldom had case seemed so barren. There were no mysteries, no evasions, no periods unaccounted for. My agents who stayed at the hotels your husband used on his journeys reported that he never even looked the way of a strange petticoat. He was a paragon.

"But even paragons have their Achilles heel. I wonder, sometimes, whether your suspicions had betrayed you into nagging ways or perhaps into some more subtle form of irritation that frayed his constancy. It is rather ironical, dear Fanny, that temptation should have come to him through your action, for had you not engaged the services of my firm, Mr. Ebbsfleet would not have met the woman who is not the least fascinating of my secret agents. I almost blame myself for employing her in this affair, but I had come to think he was proof against all temptation. It was to be the supreme test. She swears to me she used no allurements, and I believe her. They met in a country hotel where, as it happened, they were the only people dining that night. Naturally, they spoke, and found that they had a good deal to say to each other. Before the evening was out they had gone, I now learn, some distance towards friendship. That being so, you will not be surprised to hear that the woman brought me back a discreet report of that interview. Mr. Ebbsfleet had been polite, distant—nothing beyond 'pass the mustard.'

"Well, what else would one expect? Still, he had looked the woman's way;

she admitted that and it set me thinking. For at the same time she seemed just a little too eager to emphasise his gentlemanly aloofness. It seemed to me that the lady did protest too much. In my calling we grow horribly distrustful, even of our most trusted employees.

"Was I wrong in setting a spy to catch a spy? Professionally, no—it often means brilliant success after repeated failure. And there it was! I stopped all my other agents who had been watching your husband and used this woman alone for the work, keeping her movements closely under my own personal observation. That I could easily do, as I am a past-mistress of disguise. Before long, I discovered that the first meeting at the quiet country hotel had been, as I suspected, the beginning of an acquaintance which threatened to grow into friendship and to warm into intimacy. At last things seemed to have gone so far—although, believe me, there was no open breach of faith to you—that I taxed the woman with being in love with him. For a time she denied it indignantly; then, under severe and repeated pressure, she broke down and with tears confessed. It appeared that he also had fallen in love with her. She believed him to be a very unhappy man, who had borne, to the breaking point, with a trouble that had robbed his life of all peace and comfort.

"Her heart had gone out to him: she had given him the sympathy he needed, they had much in common, and at last they saw that there could be only one way for them. That way, my dear Fanny, they have not yet taken, but the inevitable cannot be long delayed. I don't know that I am altogether sorry for you. You seem to have been a terrible fool.

"Perhaps I should have given you friendly advice at the outset and tried to lead you to a sensible view instead of accepting your commission, which has had such strange consequences. So far I am to blame, and for that reason, I return, in the enclosed cheque, all the money you have paid me for my equivocal services.

"You may ask why, when I suspected the risk, I continued to let this woman meet Mr. Ebbsfleet. That is difficult, and yet easy to answer. She would have gone on meeting him in any case. It was Kismet for these two. The matter had passed, at one stroke, beyond my power. She believes she can give him the happiness you denied him.

"They have decided to take fate into their own hands. By the time you receive this letter, he will be on his way to begin a new life abroad with the woman who understands and loves him. As it may be convenient for you to know it, she has allowed me to tell you that her name is that of your correspondent,

THE END.

VIRGINIA."

This Week's Studdy.



"MY MISTAKE."

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.

NOTE: The Studdy Dog Portfolio, containing fifteen of the most famous of the Dog Studies by Studdy which have appeared in the "Sketch," printed in colours, on thick paper, and suitable for framing, is now on sale, price 2s.

The Wife of a Baronet of Ancient Lineage.



FORMERLY MISS DOROTHY RAWSON : LADY WARRENDER.

Lady Warrender is the young wife of Sir Victor Warrender, M.C., eighth Baronet of Lochend, and the daughter of the late Colonel Richard Hamilton Rawson, M.P. She was married in 1920, and has a baby son, John Robert Warrender, born last year. The family of Warrender is descended from the De Warende who settled in Scotland in the time of

James V. The first Baronet, Sir George, was M.P. for and Lord Provost of Edinburgh in the reigns of Anne, George I., and George II.; and the third Baronet was King's Remembrancer and an M.P.; while Sir Victor's father was Vice-Admiral Sir George Warrender. The above is the correct portrait of Lady Warrender referred to in our last issue.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY LEO KLIN.

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A Bridesmaid at the Mountbatten – Ashley Wedding.



A COUSIN OF THE BRIDE : MISS JOAN PAKENHAM.

Miss Joan Pakenham was one of the seven bridesmaids chosen by Miss Edwina Ashley, whose wedding to Lord Louis Mountbatten was fixed for yesterday, July 18. She is the first cousin of the bride, as she is the

daughter of Colonel Hercules Arthur Pakenham, C.M.G., of Langford Lodge, Co. Antrim, who married Miss Lillian Blanche Ashley, only daughter of the Right Hon. Evelyn Ashley, P.C., and sister of Colonel Wilfrid Ashley.

Photograph by Swaine.

A Bridesmaid at the Mountbatten – Ashley Wedding.



THE ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY: LADY MARY ASHLEY-COOPER.

Lady Mary Ashley-Cooper, one of Miss Edwina Ashley's seven bridesmaids, is the eldest of the three daughters of the Earl and Countess of Shaftesbury. Born in 1902, she is a recent débutante, and is a popular and charming young girl.

Photograph by Claude Harris.

A Bridesmaid at the Mountbatten – Ashley Wedding.



THE SISTER OF THE BRIDE : MISS MARY ASHLEY.

The colour-scheme chosen by Miss Edwina Ashley for her wedding to Lord Louis Mountbatten was blue-and-silver. The seven bridesmaids' dresses of delphinium-blue crêpe romaine were adorned with capes of

silver lace, and they carried bouquets of delphiniums. Miss Mary Ashley, the sister of the bride, was naturally one of the septet, which included the four daughters of Prince and Princess Andrew of Greece.

Photograph by Bright's Studio.



The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

The Uses of Anonymity.

Speaking purely personally, I do not like, and never have liked, anonymity. In journalism, of course, it is to a large extent unavoidable. You could not possibly expect a daily paper to have all its articles signed. The leader is an expression of editorial opinion, no matter who the actual writer may be. Critical articles are signed more freely than was the case twenty years ago. (I remember having a tremendous tussle with one of my editors over this question. I wanted to sign; he wished me to remain anonymous. In the end, we compromised on initials, but I was made to feel very guilty about it all.)

When you come to books you must take into consideration the commercial value of a name. An author whose name is familiar to the public is bound to put his name on the title-page of his book; at any rate, if he declined to do so, the publisher would either refuse to produce the book at all or make a drastic reduction in the terms. But an unknown author may occasionally score heavily by remaining anonymous. The public and the Press love a mystery; it sets them guessing; it gives them something to talk and write about. That alone will make the fortune of a book.

Anonymous Politicians.

Within the last twelve months or so two books have owed much of their success to anonymity. The first was "The Mirrors of Downing Street," and the second "The Pomp of Power." Both these books dealt with politics and politicians. Both were extremely candid. Both showed a knowledge—not necessarily the actual writer's knowledge—of inner political history.

Naturally, in each case, the gossip buzzed. Who was the author? Was it a Cabinet Minister? Was it one of our Ambassadors? And so forth. What the theological experts call "internal evidence" was keenly and eagerly examined. It could not be So-and-So, because So-and-So himself was mentioned in the book, and not too kindly at that. Neither could it be Such-and-Such, for the simple reason that Such-and-Such could never have met the dignitaries with whom the anonymous writer was evidently on terms of everyday friendship.

It is easy to see that a name on the title-page would have destroyed most of the interest in these books. Suppose, for example—taking a name at random—we had found the name of Lord Haldane on the title-page of "The Mirrors of Downing Street." "Oh," would have been the comment, "here's Haldane getting back on a few of his old pals." And every opinion set down would have been thereby discounted.

"The Pomp of Power."

I do not know who wrote this very able and exceedingly well-informed book, "The Pomp of Power." When next I visit the political club of which I happen to be a member (not that I am a politician), I shall probably ask half-a-dozen of those in the know who wrote the book. They will all tell me the name of the author, and all the names will be different.

The author is certainly somebody who has lived a good deal in Paris. He knows his French politician as well as he knows his British. He is a person of importance, for we find Cabinet Ministers ringing him up and craving his instant attendance. That points, perhaps, to his connection with an influential newspaper. He knows Colonel Repington, and met him at the luncheon and dinner tables frequented during the war by the Colonel. He figures in Colonel Repington's War Diary. But he does not like the Colonel. He is annoyed with the Colonel, and tells us when and where the Colonel was wrong.

that the whole fabric of English society would be changed, that intercourse would be much less free and pleasant, if everyone felt that nothing was confidential, that talking at dinner was like declaiming from the house-tops. Colonel Repington misstates (only, I am sure, because he misunderstood) several things I mentioned to him, in a way which caused me some embarrassment. My full compensation came in the delight I got from reading of the indiscretions of others."

This rebuking of the Colonel (for whom I hold no brief) is all very well, but when people with inside knowledge of important affairs during a period of terrific crisis chatter unguardedly at luncheon and dinner tables, they have no right to blame anybody but themselves if that chatter is repeated either in print or by word of mouth. This sort of chatter is inspired by vanity—by the desire to gain the attention of the table and pose as a person of influence. Junior members of the Services and the Ministries were told to hold their tongues, and they loyally obeyed: it seems that some of their seniors were not always so discreet.

The P.M.

Mr. Lloyd George, as usual in such volumes, comes in for much criticism. All Prime Ministers are criticised, but I should doubt if any holder of that great office in the history of this country had so many hundreds of thousands of words written about him as Mr. Lloyd George. In one and the same circle he may be the saviour or the betrayer of his country! At one and the same table the mention of his name will cause half the faces to glower with fiendish malignity, and the other half to glow with ineffable adoration!

"Lloyd George," says our unnamed friend, "is not naturally a maker of public sentiment. [You now see, reader, how wrong you were!] Upon one occasion—and the most critical of all—he did give a lead; and the memory of that will always be his greatest claim to renown.

But leaving aside that notable instance, an examination of his career will show that, while he has sometimes excited the passion of a class, he has seldom formed the judgment of the country. He prefers to find out what is public opinion (and no one is more clever in the art of divining it early in the day), and to adopt it as his own. He is positively grieved when the force of circumstances obliges him to take a line which he knows will not be popular. . . .

"These characteristics of the Prime Minister have led him into a habit of reviling the Press whenever it disagrees with him or with his policy. No names are then too bad for it. No good motive is then imputed to it. The British Press is so free and incorruptible that it probably never takes such outbursts seriously. . . ."

[Continued overleaf.]



WITH HER SISTER, LADY PATRICIA BLACKWOOD, AND THE MARCHIONESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA: LADY DORIS BLACKWOOD (LEFT), A BRIDE-TO-BE.

The engagement of Lady Doris Blackwood to Captain Cecil Gunston, M.C., was recently announced. She is the eldest of the three daughters of the late Marquess of Dufferin and Ava and of Countess Howe. Our snapshot, which was taken at Clondeboyne, the family seat, shows Lady Doris with her sister, Lady Patricia, the youngest of the trio, and her aunt, the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, wife of the present holder of the title.—[Photograph by Poole, Waterford.]

Which is sufficient proof for me that the Colonel himself is not the author of "The Pomp of Power."

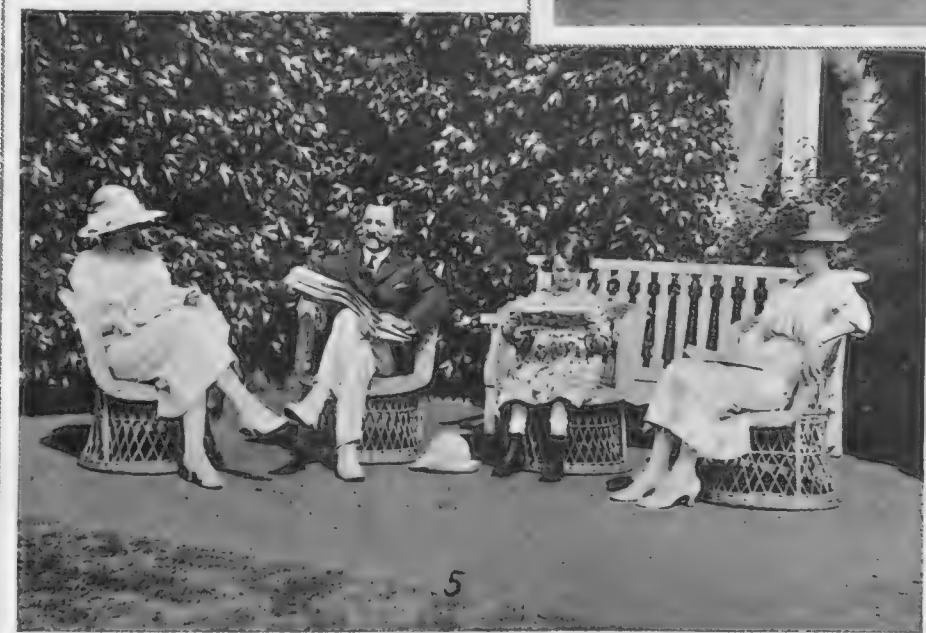
He has a poor opinion, too, of the author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street." "At the risk of making an egregious error," he says, "I am inclined to believe that that anonymous writer does not move in the same world as Colonel Repington."

When Gossip Meets Gossip.

And the Colonel himself gets this definite rap over the knuckles:

"During the period in question I was in the habit of meeting Repington frequently at several of the houses where he continually lunched and dined. No one knows better than he that the conversation would have been somewhat different had everyone foreseen that within three or four years their remarks would be given to the world in print. No one knows better than Repington

The Chief Unionist Whip and His Family at Home.



1. IN THE GROUNDS OF TITHE BARN: COLONEL LESLIE WILSON WITH HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER.
2. WITH HER FATHER, MOTHER, AND AUNT AS AUDIENCE: MISS MARJORY WILSON MOWS THE LAWN.
3. A CROQUET LESSON: COLONEL LESLIE WILSON AND HIS DAUGHTER MARJORY.
4. WITH BILLY, THE PONY: COLONEL AND MRS. WILSON AND MARJORY.
5. A FAMILY PARTY: MRS. WILSON, COLONEL LESLIE WILSON, MARJORY WILSON, AND MRS. HAROLD GRAY, COLONEL WILSON'S SISTER (L. TO R.).

Colonel Leslie Wilson, C.M.G., D.S.O., M.P., has been Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Treasury and Chief Unionist Whip since 1921; and has represented Reading since 1913. He has had a distinguished military career as well as a political one, as he served with distinction in the South African War, and in Gallipoli, and in France in the Great War, being severely wounded in 1916. He married the elder daughter of the

late Captain Charles Smith, of Goderich, Sydney, and has two sons and one daughter. Considerable interest has been roused by Colonel Leslie Wilson's decision to oppose Mr. Erskine, the present Member (Independent Anti-Waste) for the St. George's Division of Westminster, at the next election, instead of continuing to stand for Reading. Colonel and Mrs. Wilson have a charming house, Tithe Barn, Wokingham.

*Continued.***Rivals for the Premiership.**

Mr. Lloyd George, it seems, has only two rivals in the political world—Mr. Winston Churchill and Lord Derby.

"Churchill has all the moral courage which Lloyd George lacks; but none of his tact in negotiation, none of his caution in acting. . . . He acts impetuously, and in the face of opposition maintains his position, often with more pluck than circumspection."

So much for Winston. Now for Lord Derby.

"Of still greater importance is the almost universal belief, at home as well as abroad, that Lord Derby typifies in a supreme degree the English character, with its great qualities and its traditional limitations. The country may admire Mr. Lloyd George's extreme cleverness, but it does not altogether trust it. To the ordinary English mind he seems just a little too clever. In brief, his ability is useful to him for what it enables him to achieve more than for the confidence it inspires: for in a referendum on the latter point he would fall far behind Lord Derby."

And now you know all there is to be known about these great people—until the next anonymous writer flings a tome into the libraries and flatly contradicts his predecessors.

"The Yellow Streak."

In case "The Pomp of Power" leaves you a little exhausted, or a little worried as to the fate of the Empire or the world or anything of that sort, let me commend to you, by way of antidote, an exceptionally good detective story, by Mr. Valentine Williams, called "The Yellow Streak." Mr. Williams has not the humour of Mr. Victor Bridges, and any discussion on his literary style would probably leave him cold. But he understands the business of keeping you interested in his plot, and that is the first and last thing with a tale such as "The Yellow Streak."

There are unconventional points about this yarn, though it starts conventionally enough with the rich gentleman discovered dead in the library of his comfortable country house. He is about to marry a charming young woman who is really in love with a barrister, and we find the barrister and the charming young woman in the billiard-room getting to understand one another fairly fully. Then the tea-bell goes, and a few minutes later the host, as I say, is found dead in his library.

Now it happens that the butler saw the barrister, much perturbed as to face, going in the direction of the library just before the fatal shot was fired, whereby suspicion is naturally thrown on the barrister. And here comes the unconventional twist, for the Scotland Yard detective takes the curious course of persuading the barrister to work with the police in discovering the real criminal, if such exists.

From this point we get mixed up with the "King of Codes," a King's Messenger, and nasty fellows in Holland. The charming young woman goes to Holland, is decoyed to a lonely house, and drugged. The young barrister flies to Holland in order to get there before his beloved, forces his way into the motor-car occupied by the villains, and is pushed out on to his nose and into a ditch. (I think this is the simplest piece of "business"

ever employed in a detective story. One of the villains requested the barrister to open the door of the car. The barrister



**AUTHOR OF "AN ANATOMY OF POETRY":
A. WILLIAMS-ELLIS.**

Mrs. C. Williams-Ellis is the daughter of Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey, Editor of the "Spectator," and is herself the Poetry Editor of that journal, and one of its chief literary critics. Her new book, "An Anatomy of Poetry," has just been published by Mr. Basil Blackwell, of Oxford. It is a stimulating study of modern tendencies in verse, written with insight, knowledge, and a sense of humour.

Photograph by Dorothy Hickling.

politely did so, when the villain promptly pushed him out and the car raced away!) I shan't tell you how the story ends. I



**A ROMANCE WHICH BEGAN AT PRINCESS MARY'S WEDDING:
MR. J. H. THORPE, M.P., AND HIS FIANCÉE, MISS URSULA
NORTON-GRIFFITHS.**

The engagement of Mr. John Henry Thorpe, M.P., of the Inner Temple, eldest son of the Ven. the Archdeacon of Macclesfield, to Miss Ursula Norton-Griffiths, elder daughter of Sir John Norton-Griffiths, of Wonham Manor, Betchworth, has just been announced. The engaged pair first met at Princess Mary's wedding, when Mr. Thorpe—one of the only two bachelor M.P.s present—sat next to Miss Ursula Norton-Griffiths.

Photograph by Alfieri.

have a good reason for this—I don't know myself. There are 311 pages of story, and I am at page 264, from which you can see that Mr. Williams is the fellow—or one of them—for your money.

"The Tactless Man."

I am sorry to say that this novel, by the Hon. Mrs. Dowdall, has baffled me. It sounds light, and it looks light, and altogether promised well. And yet I can't get on with it.

Why is it that some books have, as it were, a numbing effect on the reader? For example, there is an unpleasant young woman in this story who cannot pronounce the word "mother," but calls it "mohher." We are never allowed to forget that she says "mohher" for "mother." Even when "mohher" dies, she is still called "mohher." For myself, I never yet knew anybody who said "mohher" for "mother." And I doubt if I ever shall. Further, if I did, I don't believe I should be frightfully amused.

The exasperating quality of the book is its cleverness. It is quite deliberately, and of set purpose, and undeniably clever.

"Don't they?" she asked, with a look of blank inquiry that never failed to appeal to Anna's sense of stage effect."

"You needn't laugh," said Anna. "It isn't the least compliment. He will admire anyone with yellow hair who smiles down her nose at him."

"But any connoisseur in Claras could tell you that she is incapable of thinking out a plot in detail. She makes plans as a traveller plans the course and end of his journey; but what he will eat or drink by the way depends on opportunity and his inclination at the moment."

"Clara had no wish to burden herself with Lambourn as a companion in exchange. She preferred to get his money through his wife and retain her own independence."

You can't say that all this is not clever. You may complain that it is too clever, but that is merely to convict yourself of being too dull to appreciate cleverness.

"Aaron's Rod." And here is another clever book, by Mr. D. H. Lawrence. Aaron held a humble position in the mining industry, but his real vocation was playing the flute.

"A stream of music, soft and rich and fluid, came out of the flute. He played beautifully. He moved his head and his raised bare arms with slight, intense movements as the delicate music poured out. It was sixteenth-century Christmas melody, very limpid and delicate."

You couldn't expect a man like that to take much interest in coal. Aaron has a soul, and his soul needs plenty of rope. Aaron gives his soul all the rope it demands, with the result that the symbolic flute gets broken.

The whole thing is done in a torrent of cleverness that is just a little stifling. Persevere, however. If you come up for the third time you have won.

The Pomp of Power. Anonymous. (Hutchinson; 18s. net.)

The Yellow Streak. By Valentine Williams. (Herbert Jenkins; 7s. 6d.)

The Tactless Man. By the Hon. Mrs. Dowdall. (Duckworth; 7s. 6d. net.)

Aaron's Rod. By D. H. Lawrence. (Secker; 7s. 6d. net.)

The First Woman Diplomat.



APPOINTED FIRST SECRETARY TO THE BULGARIAN LEGATION IN WASHINGTON: MISS STANCIOFF.

Miss Stancioff has the distinction of being the first woman diplomat, as she has just been appointed First Secretary to the Bulgarian Legation in Washington. She is the daughter of M. M. D. Stancioff, the diplomat who was dismissed from the service by King Ferdinand because he protested against Bulgaria entering the war on the side of Germany, and is now the Bulgarian Minister

in London. Miss Stancioff, who is very popular here, is in residence with her parents at the Legation in Queen's Gate. She nursed during the war, and has acted as secretary and interpreter to the Bulgarian Prime Minister at the Paris and Genoa Conferences and meetings of the League of Nations. She is a splendid linguist and a very clever girl.—[*Photograph by Hugh Cecil.*]

The Universal Game.

Lawn-Tennis Notes and Sketches by
H. F. Crowther-Smith.

I BELIEVE I could pass with honours an examination on the working of the big tarpaulin in the New Wimbledon Centre Court. I could tell you how many men it requires to lower it, and raise it; the number of folds which have to be made to uncover the court; how many ropes and pulleys and hooks and eyelets there are, etc. I could tell you, but I won't. It would bore you stiff, as it bored me and about 13,999 other people having to gaze every day, during the second Wimbledon week, upon this saturated expanse of tarpaulin.

But even the depressing weather conditions had their compensations. Had it kept fine, I fear I should never have met "Jim," or, anyhow, not on such intimate terms. How he was ever allowed in the competitors' stand in such a get-up puzzled me. He wore a very short blue sleeveless jacket over a suit of red striped pyjamas, so shrunk that his arms were bare to the elbow, and his legs to the knee. His large face wore a rather stupid expression, and the hirsute covering of his head outshone the coiffure of either Brugnon or Borotra. But when I found that it was Suzanne herself who had brought the weird-looking fellow in, I could understand his presence in this green-room of the Lawn-Tennis Theatre.



For what commissioner could refuse her anything! Even had he asked if "Jeem"—as she called him—was a competitor, the answer should most certainly have been yes. A competitor for the heart of Suzanne; and, from what I could see, an easy winner.



For, having introduced him proudly all round, she made him sit down quite close beside her; all the time casting upon him the gladdest of glad eyes. My feelings were expressed in the words of the song: "Oh, Lucky Jim, how I envy him!"

Then, to my amazement, I saw Suzanne seize her darling in her arms, and hold him locked in a close, passionate embrace, for quite three minutes—before *tout le monde*!



Of course, these mascots are all very well—for "Jeem" was only Suzanne's big doll—but where is it going to stop? Patterson and Anderson not only have mascots, but bring them into court—their proper place being either the toy-shop window or the nursery floor. If the craze spreads, and the size and number of mascots increases, the laws of the game will have to be altered

so that Patterson's big rabbit, Anderson's kangaroo, and Fyze's elephant are included with umpires and linesmen as "permanent fixtures of the court."

But in going into ecstasies about tarpaulins, and "Jeem," and other mascots, I had almost forgotten that lawn-tennis was played during this second week, and some remarkably fine matches, too. In the early part of the week, Anderson v. O'Hara Wood provided a thrilling struggle. Though they are both Australians, their styles are quite dissimilar. Anderson's game is distinguished by great power, both in his service and drive, produced by the minimum of effort. O'Hara Wood has a greater variety of shots in his bag, all easily and beautifully executed. His quick anticipation often enabled him, in this match, to score many aces by volleying the big drives of Anderson. The score almost exactly reflected the run of the play. Anderson won the first two sets, 6-3, 6-3. O'Hara Wood then replied with 6-2, 6-2. It would have taken a clever man to say who would win the final set and the match, and the right to play (probably Patterson) in the semi-final. Anderson established an early lead of 3-0, and again 4-2, then 5-3. Here he was three times set point of the match, but O'Hara Wood pluckily made the score 5-4. Even at this stage, with a little more luck, the result might have gone the other way. But Anderson ran out winner at 6-4. So it came to pass that Anderson met Patterson on Saturday afternoon.

Good though the men's double was (the winning combination of Watson and Washer strongly suggestive of a certain "matchless cleanser"), those enthusiasts who had waited from 7 a.m. to see Lenglen and Mallory, and Anderson and Patterson, must have felt a little sore at having to watch it. Both these matches, the star turns on the programme, could have been enjoyed under ideal weather conditions. As it was, the King and Queen

never saw the women's final at all, which wasn't finished till after 7 o'clock.

The Patterson and Anderson match (won by the former, 6-1, 3-6, 7-9, 6-1, 6-3) was a dull, almost ugly affair—the opposite

extreme of dullness to that of a base-line contest. The perfection of lawn-tennis is the mean between these two extremes, and, to my mind, we had it exemplified in that wonderful Brugnon-Alonso match. There is hardly any play to describe, which may sound odd in a semi-final of such importance. Patterson's tremendous service won him the match. It was a case of "Biff! Bang!" four times, and: "Game to Patterson."

His other weapon had more finesse: a shot with a lot of cut on it, making it cling and hug the ground. This bothered Anderson, whose display was unconvincing.

It looks as though lawn-tennis is in danger of becoming a question of muscular strength. That hateful word, "world-beater," which is sometimes applied to a first-class lawn-tennis player, suggests a huge, Dempsey kind of fellow, a mass of brawn.

After watching these two Australian giants, we turned to the game between Suzanne and Mrs. Mallory. It was like the vicious kick of a mule compared with the playful pat of a kitten. Mrs. Mallory had easily burst through the Beamish bars, which were thought to be strong enough to keep her from getting into the final. But what a feeble fight she

made when she got there. Suzanne was always overwhelmingly her superior.

What has become of the very efficient type of ball-boy we used to see at the Old Wimbledon, which caused the song-writer to pen the familiar words: "You can't beat the boys of the ball-boy breed, That made All England's name"? Many of those at the New Wimbledon are slow off the mark, fumble the ball, and are generally conspicuous when they should be in oblivion. Of course, they are certainly very tastefully dressed in the All England Lawn Tennis and (don't forget!) Croquet Club colours, and one can't have everything!



Inventor of the Breakfast Test for Runaways.



AS MR. LATIMER: MR. HENRY AINLEY IN "THE DOVER ROAD," AT THE HAYMARKET.

Mr. A. A. Milne's "The Dover Road" is one of the wittiest bits of nonsense ever created by a modern playwright and served up before a London audience by a first-class cast. It tickles the fancy very delicately, and affords a delightful evening's amusement. Mr. Henry Ainley is seen at his best as Mr. Latimer, the "collector" of eloping couples, with his tests for their affection. Having got them in his

clutches, he makes the man sleep in a draughty room, arranges for his clothes to be mislaid, and so brings him down to breakfast with a heady cold and in the worst possible mood. This is the "breakfast" test for love—and Mr. Latimer finds that few come through it triumphantly. But it is necessary to go to the Haymarket to appreciate the full subtlety of "The Dover Road," and Mr. Henry Ainley.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MALCOLM ARBUTHNOT EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."



A Golf Problem: Hit or Swing?

By R. Endersby Howard.

Changed Methods.

Every year one meets more and more golfers who declare unabashedly that they do not believe in the necessity of the follow-through in accomplishing a drive or any other shot. "Why not stop the club directly you have hit the ball?" they ask. "What is to be gained by letting it travel on until it likes to stop of its own accord? You cannot alter the character of the stroke once you have struck the ball." The more advanced of them argue that the follow-through is a positive disadvantage to many golfers, who, in striving to cultivate it, sacrifice control over the club at the impact and hit neither strongly nor accurately.

A Convert.

These modern sentiments never cease to sound like rank heresy. However, we have to take the world as we find it, and it is the fact that we find it possessed of a very decided tendency to curtail the follow-through. Some very fine players there are who dispense almost entirely with that once-vaunted essential. The other day, at Le Touquet, in France, I met another notable convert to the up-to-date creed—the Hon. Michael Scott. Mr. Scott has shortened his follow-through almost to the degree of doing away with it, and, either because or in spite of this rigorous treatment of it, he has gained the high honour of finishing first among the amateurs in the British Open Championship, and has won the French Open Amateur Championship.

Mr. Scott Explains.

I asked him why he had made the change. "Well," he said, "I used to be a lazy golfer. I depended upon a swing pure and simple, with very little element of actual 'hit' in it. That, of course, meant a long follow-through. I found that people whom I used to outdrive were beginning to drive past me, so I decided that it would be necessary to go in for harder hitting. Concentrating on that, it soon became clear to me that the full follow-through would have to be abandoned. I tried to reconcile the two things, but the smooth, easy-flowing sweep through of the club-head after the impact spoilt the timing of the more incisive blow. I could not keep the shots straight in that

way. So I concentrated on the harder hitting, and promoted accurate timing by stopping the club directly after the blow. That produced the desired effect—longer driving without loss of direction."

Some Hitters.

This is the simplest and best explanation I have heard of why some players follow through, while others stop the club. Some are swingers and others are hitters. And the two methods herein indicated are probably irreconcilable. The golfer whose drive is a forceful hit doubtless does wisely not to pay slavish homage to the adage, "Follow through!" Mr. R. H. Wethered, George Duncan, and Abe Mitchell are essentially hitters, and they check the club after the impact with a suddenness that makes the shaft quiver almost like a harp-string. I daresay that if they were to try and cultivate a follow-through they would lose both length and accuracy. Hitting as hard as they do now, they would assuredly swing themselves off their feet in trying to swing the club through. There are golfers who do that, and the results are alarming. They never know on which side of the course the ball is going to finish.

The School of Swingers.

Mr. C. J. H. Tolley and Harry Vardon are types of golfers who depend upon the swing rather than the hit—golfers who sweep the club-head through the ball, with the natural consequence of a full finish, and rely mainly upon the acceleration of the club-head during the down swing to invest the blow with power rather than upon any manifest attempt at a hit. It is a point worth remembering that Mr. Tolley drives just about as far as any mortal—as Vardon did, too, in his younger days. Very likely it is largely a matter of individual proclivity.

I was discussing this subject a few days ago with Colonel the Hon. F. S. Jackson, M.P., who, in the Parliamentary Handicap, accomplished the very fine performance in a strong wind at Felixstowe of giving bogey a stroke and finishing two holes up.

Personal Inclination.

Colonel Jackson, now as polished a golfer as one could wish to see, said that from the moment when he first took to the game he had depended upon the swing rather than the hit—an unusual trait in a converted cricketer. But he went on to explain that in his era as a batsman he had always

followed through with his strokes—another unusual trait. At least, it is unusual nowadays, for the majority of modern cricketers seem to check the bat immediately after striking the ball. Colonel Jackson's is clearly an instance of inborn inclination. He is a swinger by nature, and as he happened to learn golf in his first few years at the game, mostly by watching Vardon (who was then professional at Ganton, in Yorkshire), it would be very hard to imagine him developing into a hitter with a penchant for arresting the club immediately after the impact.

A Sad Case.

How difficult it is to compose these two systems was borne in upon my mind a little while ago by a young golfer who, after getting down to scratch within two years of playing his first shot on the links, had suffered four years of steady deterioration. What had happened to him deserves to be related. He had studied the game solely under Vardon. Consequently, by the time he reached the scratch mark the swing pure and simple was ingrained in him. Then he took a fancy to Abe Mitchell's way of giving the ball a terrific hit, and set to work to imitate it. But he did not like the idea of abandoning the follow-through, and so, between the two models, his game underwent utter disintegration, and when last I saw him he declared that he had not played a good round for four years.

An Essential of Education.

The ancient aphorism, "Follow through!" has one merit which must make it ever a valuable fundamental in the learning of golf. Everybody I know who has tried to teach it says that the beginner's worst fault is a disposition to check the club just before the impact—the very instant at which it should be developing its greatest pace. Presumably it is born of a fear of missing the ball. The best cure for it is, I daresay, to keep on telling the sufferer to "follow through." Once he has mastered his weakness, he may discover the art of how to hit his hardest and stop the club immediately after the blow. But he does not often light upon it without first learning to follow through.



SECOND IN THE BOGEY COMPETITION IN THE PARLIAMENTARY GOLF HANDICAP: SIR MATTHEW ("SCATTERS") WILSON, M.P.

Sir Matthew Wilson, M.P. (5), who is known to his intimates as "Scatters," was second in the bogey competition which opened the Parliamentary Golf Handicap Meeting, held at Felixstowe, with his two down to bogey. Colonel the Hon. F. S. Jackson (plus 1) was the winner with 2 up on the redoubtable opponent.

Photograph by S. and G.



THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER IN THE ROUGH: SIR ROBERT HORNE IN THE PARLIAMENTARY GOLF HANDICAP.

Sir Robert Horne took part in the Parliamentary Golf Handicap, held at Felixstowe. Our snapshot shows the Chancellor of the Exchequer playing out of the rough to the tenth green, and illustrates the happy smile with which he tackles his golf!—[Photograph by S. and G.]

Most Irregular.



FIRST IRREGULAR: Moike, Oi'm worried.

SECOND IRREGULAR: Whoy?

FIRST IRREGULAR: We've been waitin' three hours for him . . . I'm afraid something must have happened to the poor fellow.

DRAWN BY W. W. LENDON.



Princess Andrew of Greece with her elder daughters at Lady Wavertree's lawn tennis party.



Bridesmaids at the Lumley-McEwen wedding.



The marriage of Miss Katherine McEwen & Mr. L. R. Lumley.



At their sons wedding, General the Hon. Osbert & Mrs. Lumley.



A page at the Lumley-McEwen wedding, Lady Gerald Wellesley's little boy and his mother.



The marriage of Miss Elsie Oppenheimer and Mr. Leonard Rossiter

CHARITY LAWN - TENNIS AND SOCIETY WEDDINGS—WITH A BEFLOUNCED BRIDE.

The marriage of Miss Katherine McEwen, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. McEwen, of Marchmont, Berwick, Ayrshire, to Mr. Lawrence Roger Lumley, only son of Brigadier-General the Hon. Osbert Lumley, and nephew of the Earl of Scarbrough, took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bride was attended by Lady Katherine Hamilton, Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, Lady Serena Lumley (shown on the left in our

photograph), the Hon. Lettice Harbord, Miss Lilian Lumley, and Miss Joan Anstruther Gray; and the pages were Master Valerian Wellesley and Master Charles Antrobus.—The marriage of Miss Elsie Oppenheimer, daughter of the late Sir Bernard Oppenheimer, to Mr. Leonard Rossiter took place at the church of St. Giles, Stoke Poges. The bride wore a particularly attractive Victorian dress.

Photographs by Alfieri, Farrington, and Keystone.

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The sturdy Essex engine has none of the 'Woolliness' often found in American cars. It is a brisk, lively, flexible unit with surprising power on hills. The whole car is built soundly throughout and is designed for really long and hard work. The appearance is delightful, original body lines making it a pleasure to behold, whilst the hood with side curtains opening with the doors makes the car to all intents and purposes into a closed one. The price—remarkably low—buys you a reliable car of undeniable distinction in performance and appearance.

The 'Times' motoring correspondent says "Over here we like to feel a car pick up its speed rapidly and cleanly—the Essex meets this demand to a praiseworthy degree. The steering is light and steady, the clutch smooth. The four cylinders are detachable and also have a detachable head—a good combination. Special aluminium pistons are used, and the inlet valves are placed overhead." Why not come to our Showrooms and inspect the various Essex models, of which we are sole wholesale and retail distributors for London and the Home Counties?

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C.F.H.



Motor Dicta. By Heniochus.



Carriage and Hood Care.

It is not often I welcome the motoring announcements in various forms and styles that the postman delivers at my door, but recently the Albany Carriage Company, of St. Albans, sent me a little booklet on the "Care and Maintenance of Motor Bodies." Well, I am a bit of a body myself, so I thought for once I would read a bit and see what tips I could glean. It was quite interesting, and if I did the washing and cleaning of my own bus I should certainly take the advice given by the author, Mr. Norman Wallis. "Tar-marks are removed by rubbing with vaseline, liberally smeared on a soft cloth, which must be changed frequently until the tar disappears, when the grease must be wiped off and the affected part washed with tepid water and a mixture of soft soap and benzole, which in turn must be removed with cold water in the usual way." This is an example of its useful information, and as there is such a lot of tar about just at the present time, I select it out of many other hints of an equally serviceable nature to motorists who wish to keep their motor carriage as smart-looking as possible. Also, do not forget to oil all the moving parts of the coach-work occasionally, as everybody thinks only the chassis wants oiling; but so do the locks, joints of the screen, hinges of the doors and of the hood, and away go squeaks that bother sensitive ears. But get this booklet, which is sent gratis and is well worth heeding.

Latest Car Novelties.

Taking time by the forelock is evidently a lesson that intensive competition in the motor industry has brought about, as new cars are being introduced to the public every week at this time of year, in place of at the usual annual Motor Exhibition at Olympia. This week we have had a new six-cylinder Daimler of 21 h.p. rating, and a new four-cylinder Austin miniature car of 7 h.p. to look at as the latest novelties. Also orders can now be placed; but when the vehicles are to get into full production you must "see small bills" as the theatrical folk say, otherwise the advertisement pages of this journal. In the meantime, I will give a few particulars, so that when an intending buyer goes to look at either of these chassis, he or she can spot at once it is "our latest model," and not the one of the year-before-next. Thus, this new 21-h.p. Daimler is outwardly like most other Daimlers, but there is no magneto, battery and coil ignition being fitted and the usual distributor, so ask the young man to show you. Also, the engine is more silent and flexible than ever, with a bit more aluminium about

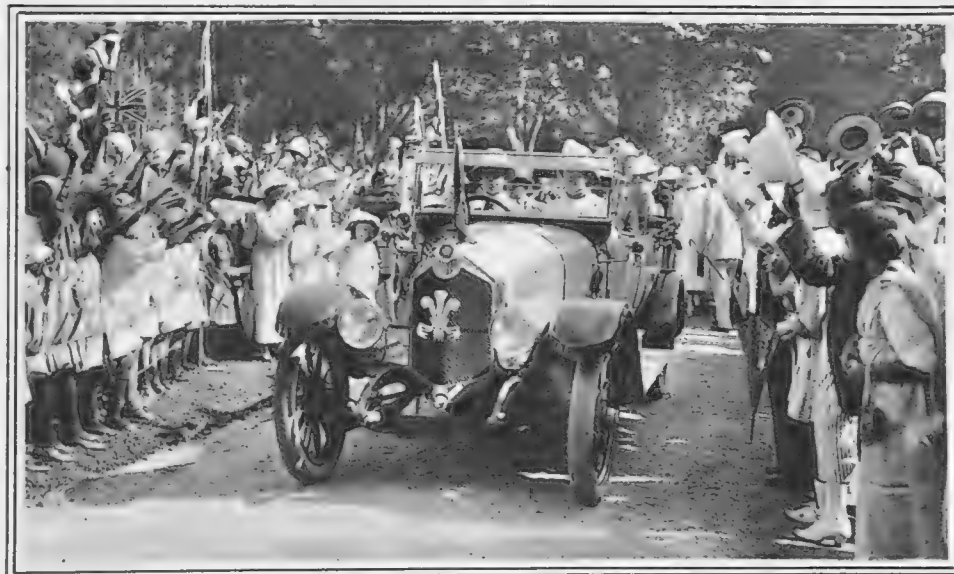
it, which is another key to its identity. As for the new 7-h.p. two-seated Austin, this tiny runabout has brakes on all four wheels, which makes it remarkable anyway, as usually only very big cars or fast racing machines have adopted this system. I believe that it has been built to wean those ardent motor-cyclists and side-car merchants to a proper four-wheeled vehicle, as it is stated to be very fast yet steady on the



USED BY THE OFFICIALS AT THE RECENT SCOTTISH LIGHT CAR TRIALS: A 40-H.P. LANCHESTER DRIVEN BY MR. A. J. MILLERSHIP.

This 40-h.p. six-cylinder saloon was lent by Messrs. the Lanchester Motor Co., Ltd., for the use of officials during the recent trials. It was driven by Mr. A. J. Millership, who for years has been the Sales Manager of the Company, and is here shown on the road near Killen.

road. Hence its four brakes. Last week I meant to say a few words on the new Vauxhall, but space prevented me, so I add this to complete the latest car novelties.



IN A 19.6-H.P. CROSSLEY EMBLAZONED WITH HIS FEATHERS: H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

This photograph shows the Prince of Wales in one of the twelve Crossley cars which were the only official motors used throughout his tour in the East.

New Vauxhall of 23-60 h.p.

With overhead valves and the Lanchester harmonic balancer effectively to kill all crank-shaft periodicity, the new 23-h.p.-rated Vauxhall develops 60 h.p. at 2000 revolutions per minute. Though a four-cylinder,

the engine runs as smoothly as a six, and with its "hot spot" in the induction pipe of the mixture supply, a petrol-level indicator and a dimmer switch, this chassis and its equipment has adopted the best points in both European and American design. There are already many thousands of Vauxhall car devotees, but this new 23-60-h.p. model will add considerably to the number. One hopes its success in the hands of a large public will compensate the firm for their bad luck in the Isle of Man. In any case, it is pleasant to record that there is a new £1150 car that can skim the roads like a—well, like a humming bird. I was told by some American friends recently that 100,000,000 dollars'—worth of cars were stolen in the U.S.A. during 1921. I guess these crooks would steal this car at every chance they could get; especially as sixty days in jail appears to be the penalty usually given "way back home."

Southsea Motor Carnival.

Our seaside resorts are evidently determined to brighten England willy-nilly, as, encouraged by Brighton's successful efforts, notwithstanding the bad weather, now Southsea is to have a week's carnival, with speed races on the Esplanade for cars and motor cycles, on August 23, in the middle of the Auto Cycle Union's six days' trial, which finishes at Brooklands on Saturday, Aug. 26. Really, these efforts to encourage motorists to visit such spots for a holiday deserve support, as they remind me of the dear old Blackpool days when there were so many cups to be won that we had to puzzle for an excuse to get rid of them. Whether the Carnival Committee at Southsea is going to be quite as generous as the Blackpool Corporation were ten or rather more years ago remains to be seen, but I reckon anybody who would like to win a "pot" has a fine chance here, as there are sixteen or seventeen events as varied as you can imagine, so as to spread the prizes over a wide field of runners for this kilometre or mile speed-run along the front. Further particulars can be obtained from the Carnival headquarters at 41, Castle Road, Southsea, so would-be entrants must write there.

Southsea always knew how to entertain well when I stayed there in years gone by, and I don't imagine that they have lost the art now by any means. Anyway, I shall go down to test it, hoping the sun will keep on shining that day.

Plays — Without Prejudice.

ON AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

Amateurish. One sees (and the sight is not particularly delectable) a good deal of acting in the British theatre which is demonstrably amateurish. And people are paid to do it. For long runs. By us. Nobody knows why. But nobody seems to mind. It must be supposed that the amiable young ladies (because this failing is normally a feminine one) present other attractions to the entranced spectator than the mere opportunity of observing the art of acting in practice.

Acting and Actresses. Yet this is almost the only country—and London is almost the only town in

it—where you will get people to pay quite considerable sums of money for the dubious privilege of watching a young lady fumble amiably with a real part in a real play, with the fact that she has nice fluffy hair or a slow, sweet smile as the sole excuse for her appearance. The Island Race is strangely tolerant. And quite engagingly susceptible.

The Border Line.

Of course, there is nothing inherently wrong about amateurish acting. Only the proper place for it is amateur dramatic performances, where the seats aren't quite so expensive, and one has the added enjoyment of sitting just behind the Leading Lady's aunt. Not that there is anything in the world the matter with amateur theatricals. On the contrary. One's only complaint is that the amateur seems so often—and so lucratively—to have slopped over into the area which should be confined to the professional.

O.U.D.S.

The amateur at his highest and noblest is to be found in the Universities. Acting is one of the few things that are not included in the curriculum. But it is (like public speaking) one of the few things that people learn there. For many years—in Oxford, at any rate—it was kept in the straitest of strait waistcoats. The talents of the Thespian young were strictly confined to the canon of Athenian dramatists. Helped out by William Shakespeare. And (on one daring occasion *temp.* Jowett) by Robert Browning. And O.U.D.S. in those days of strict discipline produced a standardised and not wholly unsatisfactory type of young actor. With nice pink cheeks. And a nice clear voice, suitable for the measured enunciation of blank verse. He was a well-known and popular type.

A.D.C. Cambridge, even in those days, was always a shade more enterprising. Its performances ranged over a far wider area of pieces, and there was always a lively demand for the female impersonator. The result was a long line of mild comedians of a rather concert-party type. The ideals of O.U.D.S. were neatly typified by Mr. H. B. Irving. But the A.D.C. seemed to fly lower—and livelier. Yet the amateur is not an exclusively academic institution. Or anything like it. Because he (and particularly she) flourishes in every town in the kingdom where there is a Corn Exchange and a good draught that sweeps across the stalls from the O.P. side. To these and

(promoted for one evening only from a humbler situation as sofa-cover), the allurements of slightly misplaced patches, all unite to ravish the participants. The thrill of wearing red heels will never lose its novelty, and not even the war habituated the young-braves to the grave problems of navigation presented by two legs and a sword.

The Fun of Acting.

Almost invariably it is the age of Dr. Johnson which is presented on the amateur stage. And how like amateurs—if rather unlike Dr. Johnson—they present it. But the amateur show Has Points. At least the performers enjoy it. And their relatives. And the lady who made the drawing which you can just see in the far corner of the room in Act II. if you lean right forward in your seat (excuse me one moment) and crane across the people on your right. Whereas you will often and often sit in a West End theatre waiting for somebody to appear who knows some suspicion of the elements of how to act. Acting seems to be regarded on the British stage as the monopoly of Principals. The Star is expected—unless she is very beautiful indeed—to indulge in this habit. But, apart from the great folk on the programme, acting simply doesn't happen! Which is where the amateur performance has them beat. Because there everybody tries his, her, or its hardest. And we are all pleased. Except, of course, the lady who wasn't asked to play lead.

At Home and Abroad. One is almost inclined to fear that acting is one of the pursuits in which the Wicked Foreigner has the Briton beat. Not that our great

figures, our *virtuosi*, are one whit inferior to the leaders of the Continental stage. But the ideal of thorough acting never seems to have permeated the whole of a British company in the way and to the degree that it has soaked into their foreign competitors. On the Gaiety stage you will never see one member of the cast—right down to the charwoman with two lines—who is not *acting* all the time. But how often does one watch a perfect performance of Miss Irene Vanbrugh against a background of bored young ladies and languid young gentlemen. Woe is us! It is so easy to observe a temperamental failing of one's race, and so hard to suggest a cure.



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Photograph by Bassano.

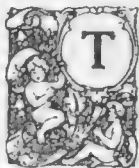
similar resorts come the rank and beauty of the neighbourhood when the cautious posters of the local printer announce that the Restoration Fund of St. Margaret's Without is to benefit by the proceeds of a Grand Gala Performance, with Miss Smee at the piano.

Powder and Patches.

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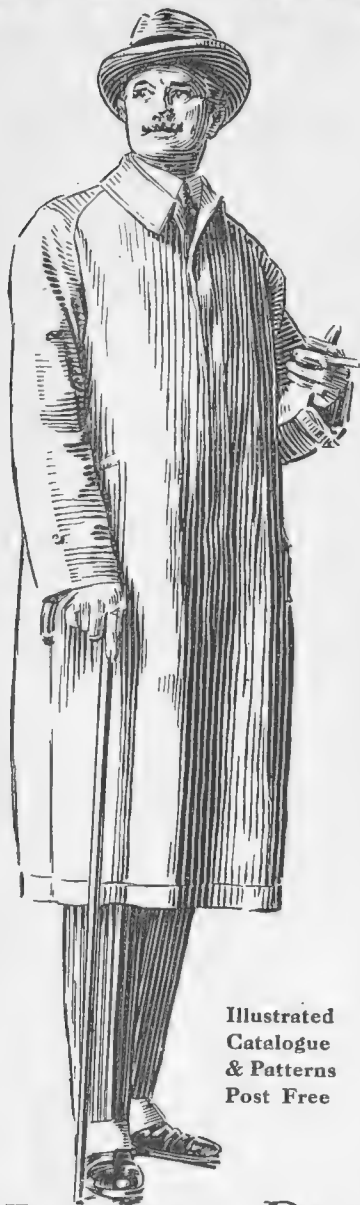
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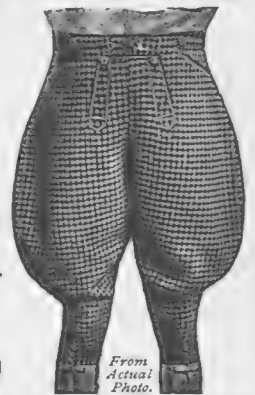
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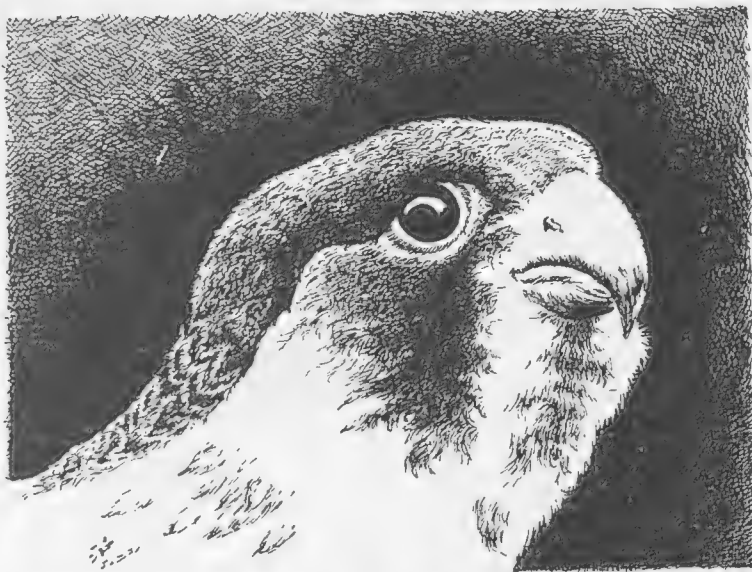
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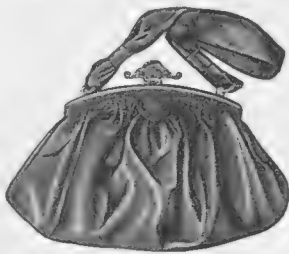
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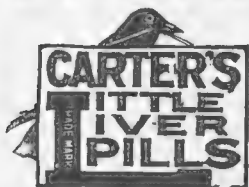
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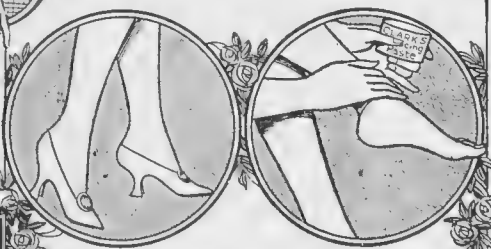
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Trim & Slim Ankles are ensured by using CLARK'S REDUCING PASTE Results guaranteed. **HEPPELL'S Chemists** 164, Piccadilly, London, W.1.



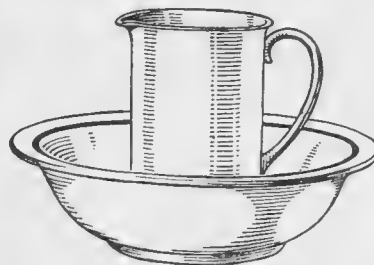
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reflect that there are only two ways in which you can treat your skin. One is as a science, the other—a speculation.

To choose preparations haphazardly, or to use those avowedly intended for your complexion's individual needs, is the difference between making of your looks a lottery, and—a certainty.

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However, you can see the name outside a preparation, and you owe it to your beauty to trust only a name renowned and representative—one you have surely been advised before to look for—

"VALAZE"

Remember that the Valaze Beauty Preparations for home use are originated by the celebrated Beauty Specialist

HELENA RUBINSTEIN

and in her past records of beauty building—extending over 25 years—lies your future history of beauty built!

No known condition of the skin or blemish is beyond Helena Rubinstein's scope; she makes provision for all—even to the extent of retaining permanently a Lady Doctor to supervise or administer treatments.

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You will not gain complexion beauty by covering up defects with inferior cosmetics and powders. The clogged, distended pores need Valaze, the inimitable active Beautifying Skinfood, to clear and cleanse them and to remove sallowness, discoloration and freckles. Prices 5/-, 9/6 and 21/-.

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Valaze Bleaching Cream, a remarkably quick remover of sunburn, tan and fur marks. Price 5/6

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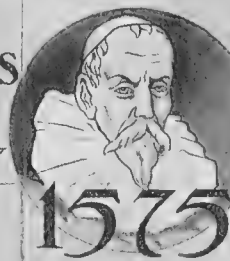
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Weatherproofs



The Best Rubberless Raincoats

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White Dresses
for Cowes.

Cowes enjoys an important position in the social calendar, not only because it marks the end of the fashionable year, but also because it offers such unique opportunities of displaying beautiful clothes to the best possible advantage. What more suitable setting could be imagined for a

Breakfast in bed must be an enjoyable luxury to the wearer of this delightful boudoir cap of Grafton voile and chiffonelle.

As the last notable event of the season,

WOMAN'S WAYS

By
MABEL HOWARD

short, undulating lines of glossy silk have been run in order to produce the illusion of white monkey fur. Shoes of either white suede or buckskin should accompany the frock, and an indispensable precaution against cold winds will be a soft, fleecy wrap of blanket-cloth, brushed wool, or Persian lamb.

Flannel Suiting and Duvetyn.

Experience has proved that it is extremely rash to rely upon the weather, and the wise visitor to Cowes will certainly see that she is amply provided with warm clothes in order to guard against any surprises our changeable climate may have in store for her. It is imperative that a well-tailored walking suit be included in her equipment. "Isobel," 4, Madox Street, London, and

Harrogate, has some delightful coats and skirts, and, in particular, one of white and yellow cross-check flannel suiting. The plain yellow of the straight-cut coat is relieved by narrow facings of cross check inserted in the revers. Cross-check, too, forms the simple skirt, the chief attraction of which is the loose panel in front (especially designed to ensure freedom in walking), which is fastened at the waist by two white oblong buttons banded with yellow lines. Another attractive costume for chilly days is a coat and frock of pale sulphur duvetyn ornamented with woollen lace of the same shade. The loose, kimono-shaped coat

is gathered at the low waist-line into a broad band of lace, and fastened with a large buckle of old gold filigree work. Two narrow motifs of the lace are let into the dress at the back and front of the waist, and the fulness of the material is gathered into tiny tucks over the hips. The wide, half-length sleeves are slit open on the under-side, and are composed of woollen lace bordered with duvetyn.

Grafton Voile and Chiffonelle.

Nothing is more becoming for wear on warm days than a light frock of some cool, fragile material, and Grafton voile—the fabric chosen for the composition of

A charming matinée cap of Grafton voile and chiffonelle which will considerably brighten the dull prospect of getting up.



the pretty frock illustrated on this page—is particularly suitable for summer dresses, as it is noted for its excellent washing qualities. Slightly heavier in texture than ordinary voiles, it will give endless wear, and can be made up in many attractive forms—a fact to which the two delightful little boudoir caps sketched above bear testimony. Grafton chiffonelle, which makes the charming and useful cami-petticoat pictured on this page, is preferable to Grafton voile in cases where an even lighter material is required. Ideal for lingerie and children's frocks, this soft, hard-wearing fabric can be obtained for the very modest price of 2s. 6½d. a yard, in a wide selection of beautiful colours and designs. Should there be any difficulty in obtaining Grafton voile and chiffonelle, a postcard should be addressed to 'Grafton's, 69, Watling Street, E.C.4, when a large number of sample patterns will be sent post free. An excellent feature of both Grafton voile and chiffonelle is that, unlike many light fabrics, they actually improve with washing.

[Continued overleaf.



No wonder she is enjoying herself so much.
Her pretty dress is of Grafton voile.

lovely toilette than a background of white sails, blue sea, and clean-scrubbed decks? Disregarding the fact that there is generally a strong breeze blowing all the time, the oracle of fashion has inconsiderately decreed that white felt hats with wide brims are to be much in evidence. There are a few yachswomen capable of steering their own craft to victory, and for these valorous women nothing is more suitable than a simple, well-cut costume of white serge or flannel suiting. Many prefer the ease and comfort of the Royal Squadron gardens to the strenuous business of yachting. No colour can compete with white for wear in these beautiful surroundings, and a frock of white georgette or crêpe marocain may be effectively ornamented by flounces of white net in which



Olive
Hewerdip

An attractive alliance of cami-petticoat carried out in Grafton chiffonelle.



Barclay's *London* Lager

THE last man's "out": his partner carried his bat after two hours' fierce hitting under a scorching sun. The players have come into the welcome shade of the pavilion glad of a rest after a strenuous day. It's a glorious feeling, that tiredness after hard physical exercise in the open air—and a long cool drink of Barclay's London Lager is deliciously refreshing!

Brewed by BARCLAY, PERKINS & CO., LTD., SOUTHWARK, S.E.1

WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

Hats for All Occasions.

There is no doubt that the year 1922 is a time of triumph for the lover of wide-brimmed hats, and Henry Heath, 109, Oxford Street, has created this little toque of cerise taffetas shot with silver as a charming variation of the general rule. The upturned brim, widening at the front, is composed of corded taffetas of the same vivid hue as the crown. A striking and unusual colour-scheme has been chosen by Henry Heath for the wide-brimmed hat illustrated on this page. Cyclamen charmeuse is the fabricating medium of the crown and the waved brim, which is arranged in three flat folds. In each of these is tucked a narrow frill of navy-blue moiré ribbon; while a garland of flowers of many varying shades encircles the crown. Thoughts of cool evenings on the river spring instantly to the mind when one contemplates a Henry Heath hat of palest yellow organdie. A long strand of yellow velvet ribbon surrounds the bell-shaped crown, terminating in a streamer at the back; and posed on the edge of the wide brim lies a cluster of yellow water-lilies.



A becoming toque of cerise taffetas shot with silver, for which Henry Heath, 109, Oxford Street, is responsible.

Bargains for Everyone.

It is important to notice that the remarkable sale at present in progress at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, will close on July 29, and it is therefore essential that every woman should visit their premises before this date, in order to secure some of the remarkable bargains offered in every department. Simple and well-cut summer frocks of heavy crêpe-de-Chine are to be had for 89s. 6d.; while a number of French voiles and embroidered georgette dresses in various colours have been reduced to 98s. 6d. each. An effective restaurant gown of crêpe marocain, with a draped lace skirt falling in a point on one side, can be bought for 9½ guineas; also a coat of heavy gabardine with novel sleeves, full at the elbow and narrowing at the wrist, which are ornamented with Russian silk braid. The deep turned-back collar and low inlet waist-belt are embroidered in the same fashion. Dainty zephyr frocks for small children are priced at 37s. 6d., and tailor-made costumes in gabardine and Saxony suiting may be obtained for 6½ guineas.

The Sessel Pearls.

It is the unspoken wish of every woman to possess a set of beautiful pearls. Other jewels have risen and fallen in popular favour, but the pearl has undergone no such vicissitudes; it has always enjoyed unrivalled

supremacy in the favour of fickle woman. The prohibitive price of Oriental pearls has placed them beyond the reach of all but a fortunate few; but it is within the power of almost every woman to satisfy her ambition with a necklet of Sessel pearls—the wonderful artificial pearls with the identical weight, colour, and lustre of the real. When a charming 4-guinea collar of Sessel pearls has been placed side by side with a genuine necklace worth many hundreds of pounds, even experts have failed to distinguish the artificial pearls from the Oriental, so realistic is the imitation of nature. Sessel's, 14, New Bond Street, can copy exactly any heirloom or piece of jewellery too valuable to be worn often in public, and the imitation is so life-like that there can be no question of detection.

Furs at Summer Prices.

Chilly days will sometimes occur even in midsummer, and nothing could be more suitable for wear at such times than the cosy little coat of grey slink pictured on this page. Distinctly reminiscent of astrachan, this soft, fleecy fur can be relied on not to uncurl when subjected to the heaviest rain; and the fact that the coat can be obtained for 10½ guineas is an indication of the exceptionally modest prices that prevail at the National Fur



She is wearing a short, wide-sleeved coat of grey slink. Sketched at the National Fur Company's, 193, Brompton Road.

Company, 193, Brompton Road. Beautiful natural wolf and blue wolf stoles are priced as low as 6½ guineas, while a beaver-coney coat, with a deep collar, and a lining of

printed Shantung silk, may be had for 22 guineas. The grey-and-yellow skin of a snow-leopard will form a useful and effective wrap when mounted on silk, and these pelts may be bought for 25 guineas each. A short musquash coat with a heavy beaver collar costs 85 guineas; and 130 guineas is the price of a full-length moleskin coat with wide bell sleeves and a smoked celestial fox collar. From the point of view of price, the summer is certainly the most advantageous time in which to buy furs; and anything bought at the National Fur Store in this season will be stored free of charge until the cold weather returns.



Cyclamen charmeuse is the material chosen by Henry Heath for this charming hat.

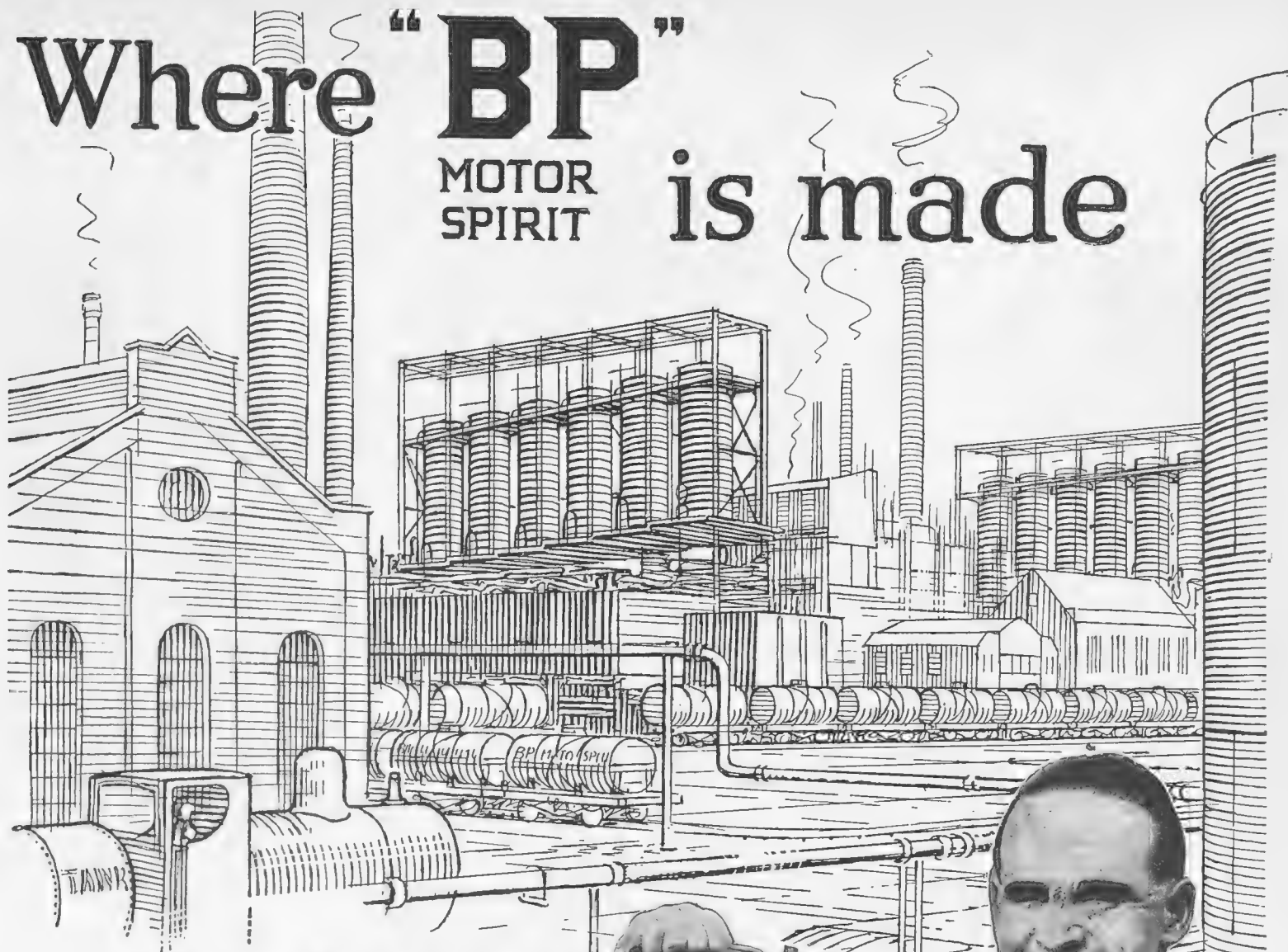
Shoes for Cowes.

No matter how exquisite the dress may be, a toilette can never be considered perfect unless it is completed by a pair of beautiful shoes. A visit to Jack Jacobus, of 39, Shaftesbury Avenue, will ensure that every delicate creation is accompanied by suitable footwear. One of the most fashionable shapes for out-of-doors is certainly the low-heeled white buck shoe with tan toe-caps and fittings. Straps are very popular as a fastening for every type of shoe, and a commendable shape for yachting purposes is a thick white buck brogue with two buckles and straps, and the short square heel which is such a noticeable feature of all walking shoes this year. Shoes of black moiré shot with gold, and variegated broads comprising every possible combination of colour, are all built on Salome lines, with an ankle strap and a low-cut side, opening to the sole of the foot. A distinctive shoe of this type is the Japonais, composed of white satin overlaid with fan-shaped rays of silver tissue. Most fascinating are the satin boudoir mules in which the toes of the wearer disappear beneath a foam of ostrich feathers dyed to match the shoe.

An Excellent Bath-Powder.

The transparent purity of a baby's skin has always been the admiration, and often the despair, of older women. Few realise how easy it is to injure or completely ruin the first delicate skin of childhood by the application of harmful toilet preparations. Nothing is more suited to the needs of tender skins than Cleaver's Violet Talcum powder. Obtainable from all chemists in patent refillable tins, it is prepared from the purest ingredients and is guaranteed free from any poisonous matter. It is both antiseptic and absorbent, and prevents the chafing and irritation from which sensitive skins frequently suffer. The manufacturing process by which it is produced includes sterilising, and this fragrant bath-powder may be safely used both by small children and their elders. [Continued overleaf.]

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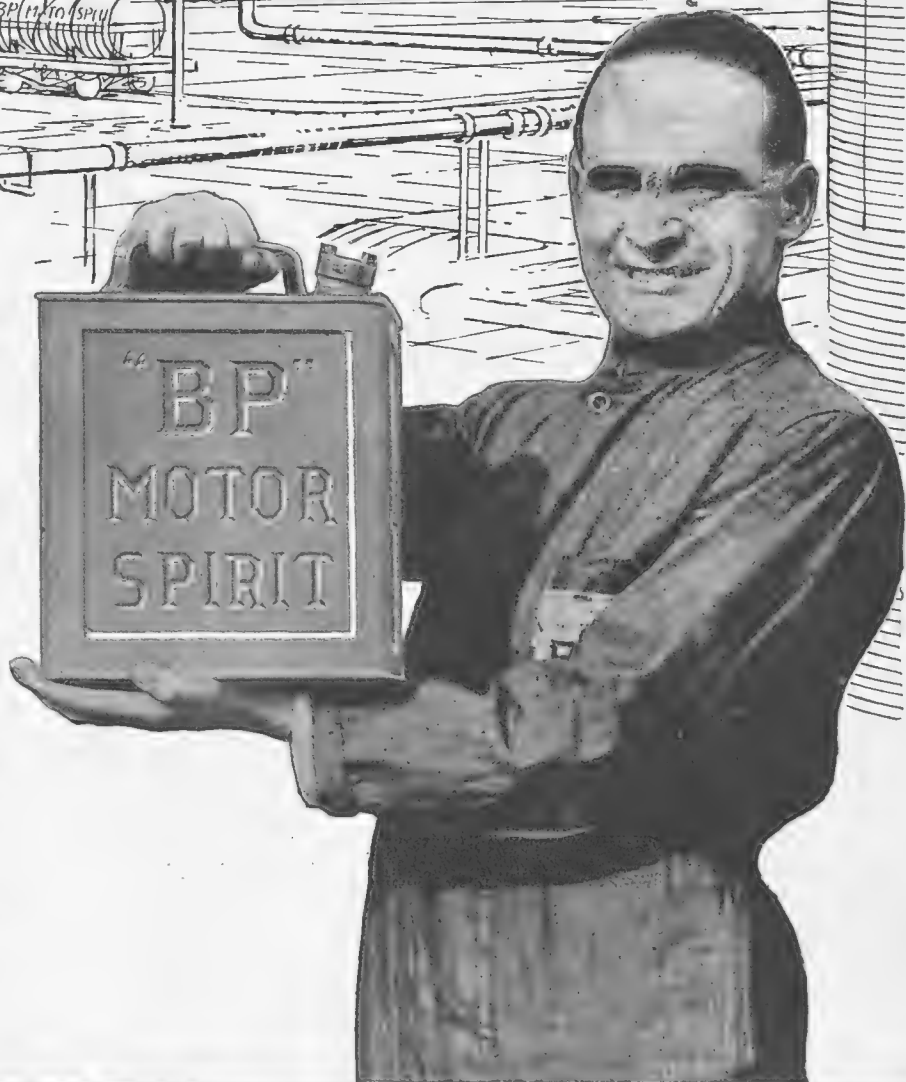
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The "Best Possible" is The Best Persian

WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

War on Wrinkles.

Unfortunately, Nature has not endowed every woman with a perfect complexion; and even when this priceless gift has been bestowed in the first place, it is a distressing but undeniable fact that time and changing weather conditions generally succeed in destroying the beauty of the skin. Certainly the most dreaded enemies of the complexion are the insidious wrinkles that gather round the eyes and mouth, and it is surprising how many young and attractive women suffer from these unnecessary blemishes. Wrinkles may arise from many causes, and few realise that the sun and wind are both great offenders in this way—first drying and cracking the skin, and then allowing it to contract into lines. Mme. Helena Rubinstein, 24, Grafton Street, Bond Street, who has developed beauty culture into a recognised science, is now employing her wonderful skill with marked success in combating these ravages of climate, time, and ill-health. By hygienic treatment, based on the laws of modern science, she is able not only to eradicate wrinkles already formed, but also to prevent others from forming. Valaze Sunproof Crème is an indispensable asset to the woman who is constantly ex-

posed to the sun and wind; while for very strong sunshine, especially that of tropical countries, Novena Sunproof Cream



Beauty itself may be only skin-deep; beauty-culture, in Madame Rubinstein's hands, is a profound science.

is of even greater protective value. Both creams are invisible when rubbed well into the skin, and form an excellent foundation for powder.

The Ideal Golfing Footwear.

It is a fact, admitted by all sportsmen and sports-women, that although suitable attire cannot transform a bad player into a champion, the right costume is certainly conducive to good play. This is especially the case with regard to shoes, as foot-comfort is an absolute necessity for all forms of sport, and particularly for golf. With a drive of 277 yds. 9½ in., in a difficult cross-wind, Mr. A. Easterbrook, of Sidmouth, carried off the special prize at Sandwich for the longest individual drive. Mr. Easterbrook, who is a stickler for correct stance, attaches great importance to the choice of footwear on the links. On the occasion of his recent triumph, he was wearing a pair of the special golf shoes, with crepe rubber soles, known as "Lotus 794." The excellent grip on the ground afforded by these famous shoes recommends them to all golf-players. "Lotus 794" are made by shoe-designers who are themselves golfers, and who understand the requirements of the game. Apart from the special pains taken with regard to materials and construction, precision of fit is secured by the issue of an unusually large number of sizes, half-sizes, and widths—a fact which golfers will appreciate.



Neglect — the greatest enemy of charm

THE ARDEN VENETIAN PREPARATIONS

Venetian Cleansing Cream

is a perfect skin cleanser. It liquefies on the skin and takes every particle of dust and foreign matter out of the pores. It is soft and soothing, supplying natural oil to the skin and should be used whenever cleansing instead of soap and water. 4/6, 8/6, 12/6.

Arden Skin Tonic

A mild astringent and stimulating tonic for the skin; used in conjunction with the Cleansing Cream, it whitens and refines the skin, leaving it clear, fresh and radiant. 3/6, 8/6, 16/5.

Orange Skin Food

Every skin requires a good pure skin food. Orange Skin Food keeps the skin full and youthful, nourishes sunken and relaxed tissues, prevents dryness, fills out hollows and attenuation. 4/6, 7/6, 12/6.

Venetian Velva Cream

nourishes the skin without fattening. Specially prepared for maintaining its soft, smooth texture. Do not wait until the summer sun has wrought its havoc but protect your skin now by giving it daily care. 4/6, 8/6, 12/6.

Venetian Pore Cream

A greaseless astringent cream which closes enlarged pores, tones up the skin tissue, and reduces even the coarsest skin; removes blackheads and pimples. 4/6.

Amoretta Cream

A fragrant vanishing cream which protects the skin from wind and weather and forms a lasting base for powder. Invaluable when motorizing or golfing. 4/6, 8/6.

Lille Lotion

A protection to the skin. Imparts an exquisite flower-like finish and prevents freckles, tan and sunburn. 6/6, 10/6.

Anti-Wrinkle Cream

removes lines and wrinkles and keeps the skin smooth. 6/6.

ALL the world hungers for Beauty. Even the most prosaic of us experience the glad response to Nature in her kinder moods. And the summit of her generosity is reached in the loveliness of a beautiful woman. Do we not get the best of all thrills from this vibrant expression of her handiwork?

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THE LIGHTS OF PARIS.

Quatorze
Juillet.

The Quatorze Juillet is a strenuous day for the Parisian. Indeed, the festivities run into three days, and no one can resist the pleasure of a dance in the open air. At every street-corner where there is a café there is a band perched on a lofty *estrade* draped in tricolour. There is no need of a slippery floor to enjoy a fox-trot. The ill-paved roads do not seem to hamper the dance-lover on these occasions. The bustling traffic, the discordant sounds of tram trumps, do not affect the players. And if the music only reaches the ears in attenuated *tol-de-vois*, what of that? Does it matter if you dance the shimmy to the music of a tango?

The Review.

If you want to go to Longchamp for the review, you must do without sleep. The ball lasts all night, and the review takes place at eight in the morning, and to secure a good place you must start at four or five. But to cross the Bois in those matutinal hours is simply delightful. The lawns are revived by the fresh night. The foliage is glossy with morning dew, and the early morning sun shines gaily in the humid alleys. Of course, you could not miss the review this year. It was the first real one since the Armistice, and the President of the Republic, M. Millerand, made it the occasion for the solemn ceremony of handing the bâton of Maréchal de France to the Marshals Lyautey, Franchet d'Esperey, and Fayolle, who were raised to that high rank more than a year ago, but had not yet received their emblem.

A Dethroned
Queen.

Paris is going through a dynastic crisis. The queens of Paris are facing the formidable spectres of schism and civil war. The Reine des Reines, Mlle. Germaine Buchet,



WATCHING THE BRITISH LEGION SPORTS IN PARIS: MAJOR-GENERAL THE HON. SIR CHARLES JOHN SACKVILLE-WEST, K.B.E., C.M.G., C.B.; LADY CHEETHAM, AND BARON DE NEUFLIZE.—[Photograph by T.P.A.]

is dethroned. She is dethroned because she disobeyed her ministers. Her ministers wanted to go to a reception at Calais, and she insisted on going to La Baule, where another reception awaited her. After such a *coup d'état* her Majesty was deposed. And while Mlle. Buchet, accompanied by a few followers, was proceeding towards La Baule, Mlle. Cron was ascending the throne of Queen of Queens amidst acclamations. This ephemeral reign does not seem to have been altogether lucky for Mlle. Buchet. When all Paris was at her feet she received offers of a rôle in a Nozière piece at the Pré-Catelan. The piece has never been produced. So she claims 25,000 francs damages for breach of contract. And now the sceptre which was given to her by nineteen queens of beauty is withdrawn by some grumbling old men. What a fate!

Lots of Fêtes.

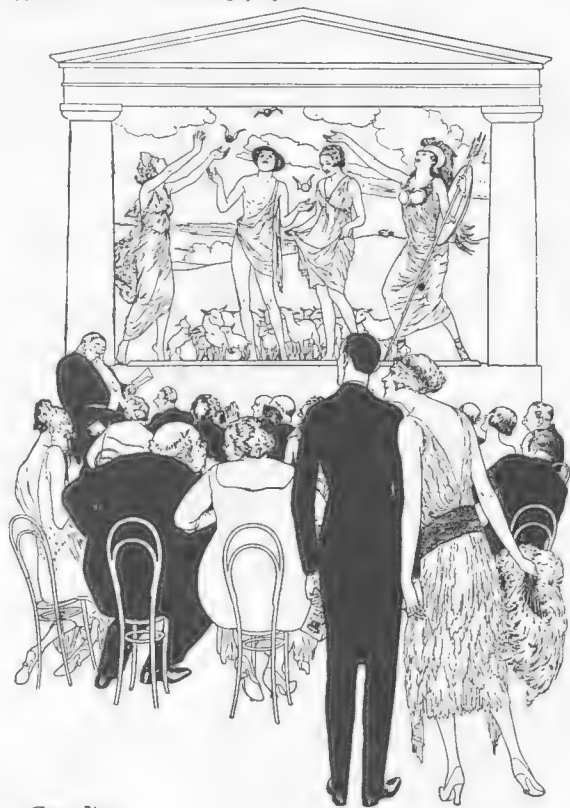
Happily, to forget these troubled times and perplexing problems of politics, we have fêtes—lots of fêtes. Imagination is not lacking, and we seize upon any tiny occasion to make it an excuse for merry-making. There are fêtes for lovers of romance, for lovers of flowers and forests, for lovers of good food. We have them in Paris and out of Paris. Joy, smiles . . . and queens are indispensable to our welfare.

Sylvie's Day.

Perhaps most charming of all was the "reconstitution" of the romantic promenade of the romantic poet Gérard de Nerval with his romantic friend Sylvie. It was organised at Ermenonville by a committee composed of *hommes du monde*, artists, and writers. After a merry luncheon, the Maire, Prince Radziwill, bade us admire the smile of

[Continued overleaf.]

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Man's burden is slightly lightened by the boon of being able to appear in society in last year's clothes without being ostracised. It would be tragic if one season his trousers were cut short to the knee, whilst the next they trailed on the parquet floor.

Women are more inconstant than men both in fashion and emotional fancy. They are clay in the hands of the designer. They will cheerfully discard a graceful style and even welcome an ugly one, so long as they can be persuaded it is new. They will accept any abortion if it is labelled a creation.

The new flowing gowns will cover a multitude of feet and enrich the coffers of the costumières. They will also bring great joy to the hearts of the fair ones with thick ankles.

The design and the cut of men's clothes do certainly alter in the finer points from season to season, but not to the extent that the old suit is unwearable. An illustration of this occurred at one of the most fashionable hotels on the Riviera in 1922. At luncheon a man was remarked upon by several as the best-dressed man in the room. It was subsequently discovered that he was wearing a suit made by Pope and Bradley in 1913. It was, therefore, nine years old.

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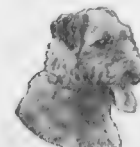
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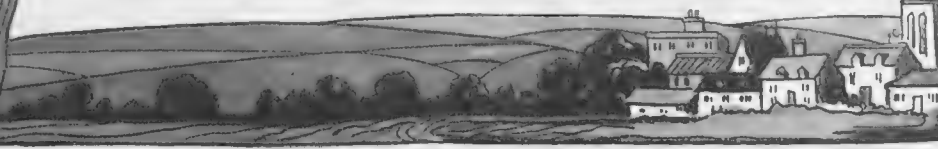
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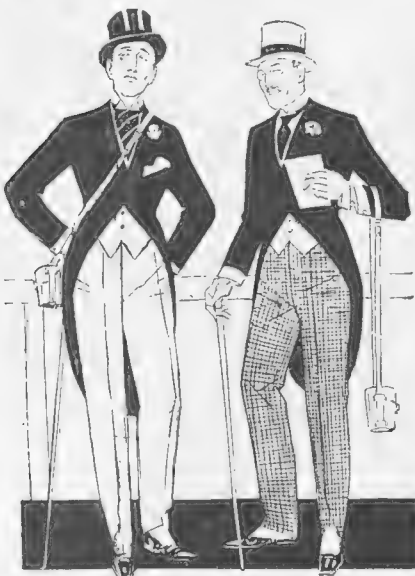
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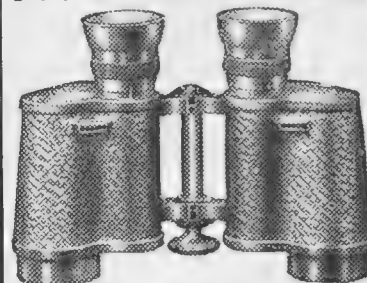
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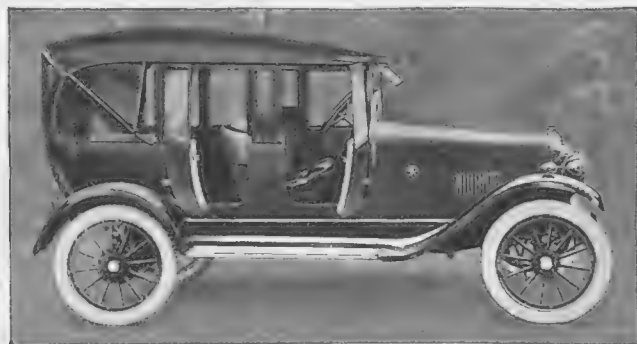
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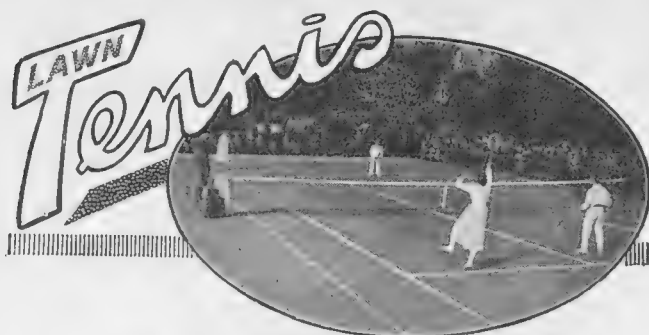
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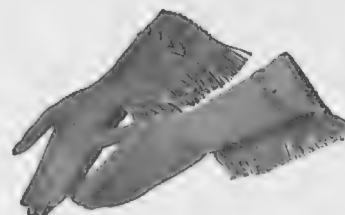
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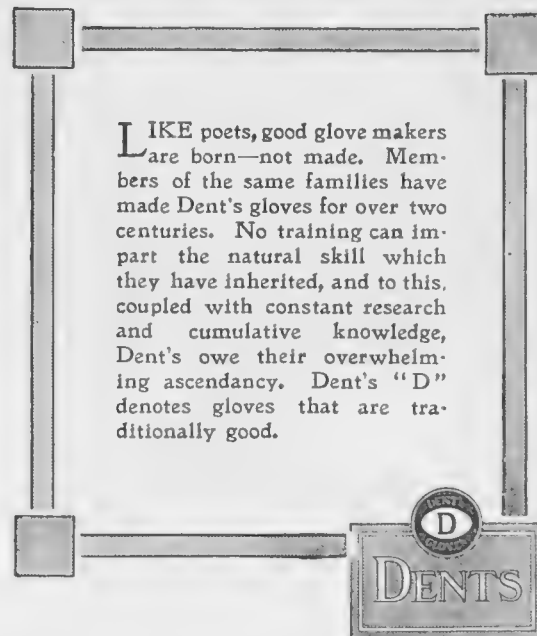
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THE EN-TOUT-CAS COMPANY, LIMITED
SYSTON, near LEICESTER.

London Office and Agents: PAGETS, 169, PICCADILLY, W.1



Ask to see
Dent's
Exmoor Gloves.



LIKE poets, good glove makers are born—not made. Members of the same families have made Dent's gloves for over two centuries. No training can impart the natural skill which they have inherited, and to this, coupled with constant research and cumulative knowledge, Dent's owe their overwhelming ascendancy. Dent's "D" denotes gloves that are traditionally good.

ANZORA QUEEN OF VANISHING CREAM

is delightfully refreshing and beneficial to the skin. It removes all roughness and blemishes and leaves a pure, clear skin. It is absolutely free from grease and is delicately and exquisitely perfumed. Try it to-day.

Obtainable from leading Chemists,
and Stores. Per pot 1/3

Anzora Perfumery Co., Ltd., Willesden Lane, N.W.



As fragrant as the Rose.



MAKE
BEAUTY
A DUTY

BRISTOW'S Georgian Soap

The Soap of Quality for Delicate Skins

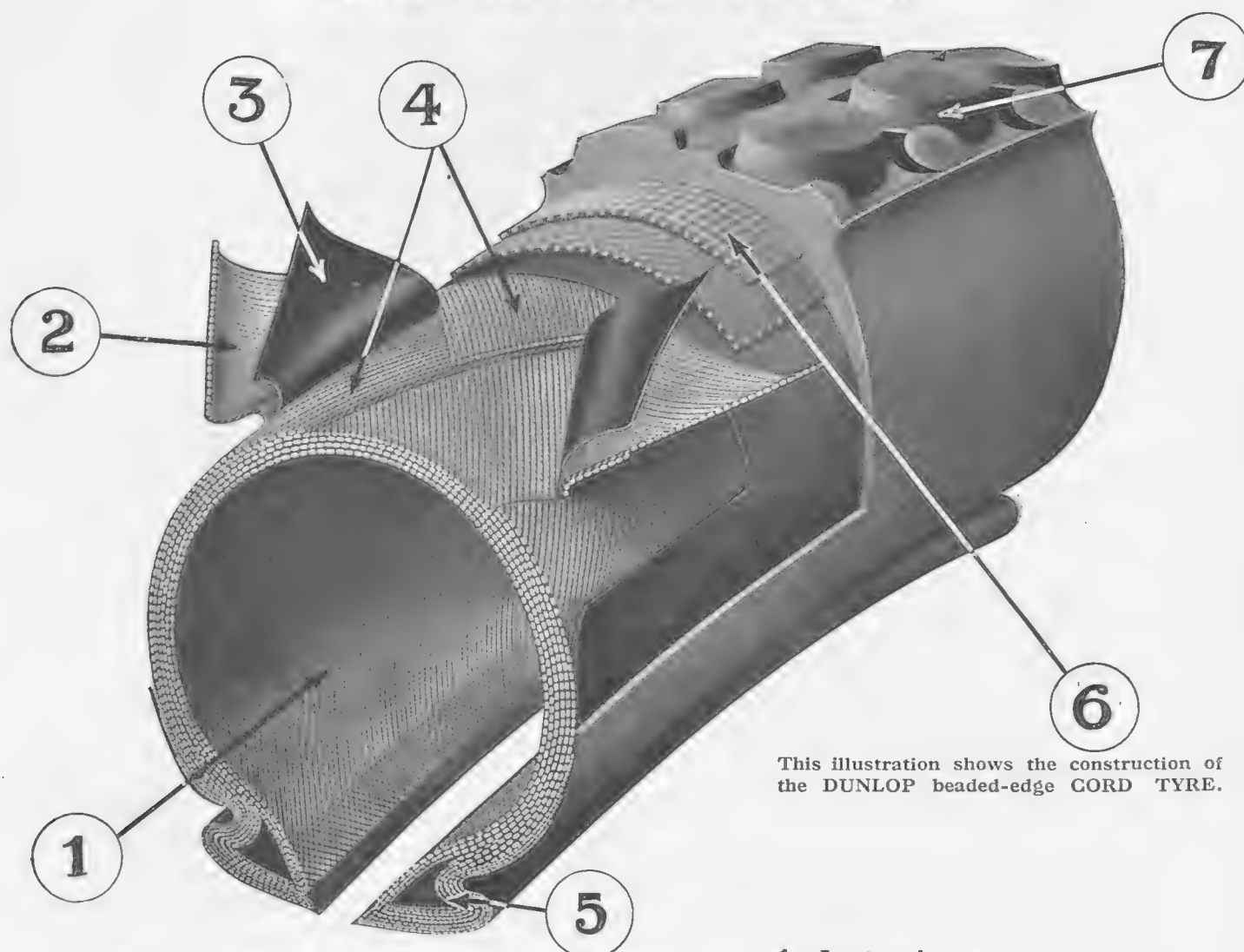
PURE—FRAGRANT—LASTING
BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION
IMPARTS A DELICIOUS SENSE OF
FRESHNESS AND APPEALS TO ALL
APPRECIATING

LUXURY WITH ECONOMY

Obtainable of all Chemists and Stores
in two sizes — Bath or Toilet

T. F. BRISTOW & Co. Ltd.
Established 1777.
ST. JAMES'S WALK, LONDON, E.C.1

WHY DUNLOP CORD TYRES ARE BETTER TYRES.



This illustration shows the construction of the DUNLOP beaded-edge CORD TYRE.

The main advantage of this cover over the canvas pattern lies in the construction of the casing.

ITS CONSTRUCTION AND ADVANTAGES:

The constructional method practically eliminates destructive internal heating. Friction between the materials is considerably reduced by the arrangement of the layers of straight cords diagonally across each other, with insulating plies of pure rubber interposed between them. All overlapping and thickened joints are in this way eliminated. The life of the tyre is hugely increased, and petrol consumption considerably reduced. In addition, increased resiliency is secured, which, combined with the extra size as compared with canvas tyres, means more comfort and reduced maintenance cost.

1. Larger air space.
2. Dunlop multiple ply cord fabric.
3. Pure rubber insulation between each layer of fabric.
4. Shows cord layers in opposite directions.
5. Improved bead design.
6. Breaker strips.
7. Heavy non-skid tread.

THE DUNLOP CORD TYRE IS THE "NO-TROUBLE" TYRE.

Continued.]

Sylvie (Mlle. Maguenat), who danced charming dances of another age amidst a swarm of white-clad young girls.

Under Louis Philippe.

Sylvie was really a living Gavarni, with her delicate visage framed by long curls (which are known as *anglaises*), her enflowered *capeline*, her pink satin dress, and her velvet shoes. And M. Béchet, in his grey trousers and his tight garment opening on a waistcoat sprinkled with gay flowers, was not the Gérard of a tragic end, but the poet of twenty-five, full of confidence in his love and his youth. Then Gérard and Sylvie, in an antiquated carriage, went to Senlis, the capital of the poet's native country, followed by the hundred Parisians who had discarded the romantic diligence for the more modern motor-cars. It was quite a success, this summer day under Louis Philippe, in a setting which was like the soul of the sensitive and luminous talent of Gérard de Nerval.

Honeysuckle Fairy.

At Saint-Germain the inhabitants organised a festival in honour of the honeysuckle. All the houses were adorned with foliage and flowers, thus uniting in the same celebration the town and its magnificent forest. They did not elect a Queen, but a Fairy. Mlle. Esnault, wrapped

in a splendid cloak of ruby-red velvet, was the *Fée du Chèvrefeuille*. There was a *défilé* of *chars*, all ornamented with foliage,

from which emerged graceful figures of minor fairies. The night fell on a Saint-Germain all illuminated with pink and green Venetian lanterns. The fairies danced until dawn, while the nightingales launched their distracting trills.

Asparagus Honoured.

Those who were better friends of gastronomic joys than of romance went to Argenteuil, which was celebrating the centenary of—asparagus! Yes, it is now a hundred years since Argenteuil produced this delectable vegetable. Surely that event could not pass unnoticed. It was a ceremony full of merriment. All sorts of decorated cars, accompanied by musicians, had been sent from the little localities around Argenteuil. They acclaimed the young Queen of the Asparagus, who, draped in a blue velvet mantle lined with ermine, was crowned by the Mayor. The République de Montmartre sent its ambassadors—Joë Bridge, Maurice Neumont, and the “Republic” itself, Mlle. Jeannie Léonnec. There was then a *défilé* of *chars*, the first being that of the Queen, which represented a huge bundle of asparagus. The day ended in a banquet where poets and musicians extolled the table delicacy. A lively ball kept the lovers of asparagus up all night.

JEANNETTE.



“PLUM” WARNER AT THE 'VARSITY MATCH: WITH MRS. AND MISS ALLEN, MOTHER AND SISTER OF G. O. ALLEN. “Plum” Warner, the famous cricketer, was at Lord's for the Inter-Varsity match. Our photographer snapped him with the mother and sister of G. O. Allen, who played for Cambridge.—[Photo. S. and G.]

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for your Summer Holiday?



The Café de Paris.

The world-famed Casino
is open all the year round.

Best Hotels and Catering at Moderate Prices.

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exclusive tastes, who seek
the mode within the mode.

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by S&S&L

Sessel Pearls are the finest reproductions existing. They are made by a secret and scientific process, which imparts to them the same sheen, delicacy of tone, texture, and durability of genuine Oriental Pearls.



Sessel Pearls are positively superior to any others existing. Every Necklet, in fact every pearl made in our laboratories is an exact and faithful reproduction of a real pearl, the minutest details being studied in their manufacture.

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LEMOINE
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Vineyards & Establishments: Rilly la Montagne, Reims
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GREENLEES & (Distillers), Ltd. London Aberdeen

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The INSTINCTIVE QUEST FOR BEAUTY

TO have a fresh, healthy and beautiful complexion must be the wish of all women and this can be accomplished with a little care and trouble. In all cases where the muscles are weakened by disease or any other reason, doctors recommend massage—why should you, then, neglect your face, neck or eyes—the cause of lined and drooping faces is the weakening of the muscles and the loss of the natural oil of the skin.

The GANESH Strapping Muscle Treatment

invented and perfected by Mrs. Adair with the Ganesh Muscle Oil is a *sure* cure if persevered with. This wonderful Oil is nearest to the natural oil of the skin and will give back the freshness and youthful appearance. Like all successful things there are many imitations both of the Muscle Treatment and Ganesh Oil and other preparations belonging to the Ganesh Treatments, etc., but imitations are very dangerous things. "The Queen" writes of Ganesh Preparations that they are as safe as the Bank of England, and this they have proved to be. Genuine letters from grateful clients testify to the benefit derived from both the Treatments and Preparations and can be seen at Mrs Adair's address, but names and addresses are never advertised. The Treatment for the eyes is really wonderful and the lids can be made full and firm.



Ganesh Chin Strap;
removes double chins,
21/6 and 25/6

Ganesh Eastern Oil builds up the very foundation of beauty by supplying the exhausted skin tissue with new life and bracing up the relaxed muscles. Absolutely removes lines, wrinkles, hollows, &c., 5/6, 10/6, 21/6, and 30/6. (qd. postage.)

Ganesh Diable Skin Food strengthens and tones the skin, enabling it to withstand hot rooms, cold winds, and all climatic changes. Invaluable for loose and flabby skins. Excellent wash- tonic for the eyes and eyelids. 6/6, 9/6, 12/6, and 24/- sizes. (qd. postage.)

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Patronage

Recommended by the
Medical Profession.

WHEN THE PRINCE PLAYS HIMSELF INTO OFFICE AT ST. ANDREWS.

What the Lady Golfers Look Forward To.

The announcement that the Prince of Wales is going to St. Andrews at the end of September to play himself into office as Captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club is a matter of special moment to lady golfers in the famous home of the game. Not only do they look forward to seeing him drive the historic ball from the first tee to be caught by the assembled caddies, while the tiny cannon is fired to announce the advent of the new captain; to watching him compete for the William IV. Medal; to having him at the Golf Ball; but they will be able to play for prizes given by the most popular Prince. Captains of the Royal and Ancient have to perform various classic ceremonies and follow certain traditions. They add a silver golf-ball to the collection which hangs under the crossed silver cleek and putter in the club-house, looking for all the world like a swarm of huge silver bees; and it is their privilege to present what are known as "The Captain's Prizes" to be played for on the Ladies' Putting Green. Naturally, the competition to win a prize given by the Prince will be specially keen, and this year's play for the prizes will be memorable.

The Ladies' Putting Green.

The Ladies' Putting Green is somewhat a special feature of St. Andrews. It consists of eighteen holes of some twenty to thirty yards in length, laid out on a beautifully kept, undulating stretch of turf. In fact, the green does more than undulate, it rises into steep hills, and the holes may be placed on some miniature plateau, on a tiny

terraced slope, or in a cup or valley. There is plenty of scope for the alteration of the course, which is freshly arranged before any competition, and the putting is of a "fancy" variety which calls for both skill and cunning, brilliant shots being achieved by a scientific study of the lie of the ground, which may necessitate playing with a tremendous amount of "borrow" calling for an excursion up the side of a hill, rather than a straight shot at the hole. There are plenty of lady golfers, both young and old, who know every blade of grass on the course, and can go round with an astonishing number of perfect twos in their score, and there is no doubt that they will all make a big effort this year to return a record figure.

Once a Miniature Fashion Parade.

but an old-fashioned wooden putter (of the shape which frivolous young people declare dates from the reign of Queen Anne!) on its sacred turf. Ten years ago it was famous as a full-dress parade ground, and on an August evening it looked almost like a miniature Ascot (except that the men were in tweeds), for no woman would have dared to attend the Putting Green in country clothes! Now, however, a more sporting flavour hangs about the course, and players are all clad in neat coats and skirts, not in satins and flowery hats; but something of the formality of a bygone decade still clings to the atmosphere of the place.

It Fascinates the Men.

The well-known men golfers are often to be seen enjoying a round on the Ladies' Putting Green in the evening, but members of the male sex are not, of course,

eligible to play in any competition except invitation mixed foursomes on the miniature course. Opinion is sometimes divided as to whether skill on the Ladies' Putting Green actually helps the player to putt well on the long course, where the undulations of the green are of a much gentler kind, and require different treatment from the hills and valleys of the small game. However, most of the famous young golfers of the day have had a round or two on the Ladies' Putting Green, and both Mr. Tolley and Mr. Wethered fell under the fascination of the quaint little course when at St. Andrews, so feminine inhabitants of the famous grey city and home of the Scottish national game are hoping that when the Prince comes North in September, he will take kindly to the putting green which is so classic a feature of St. Andrews.

Although St. Pancras did not hail from the North, the great passenger station called after him (which has the largest single-span railway roof in the world) is inseparably associated with it. "Going North? St. Pancras," has become a byword, and in the holiday season it is a cheerful and fascinating sight to see the faces of a crowd of holiday-makers on pleasure bent to somewhere in England or Ireland or Scotland by the Midland. It may be the moors and spas of Derbyshire and Yorkshire; Morecambe and the Lake District; the Isle of Man or North of Ireland via Heysham; or the North, South or West of Scotland which draws so many eager visitors during the summer and autumn months. The sight of a "Midland Red" train somehow suggests a particular sense of comfort, and the Midland Company are well aware of this, and lay themselves specially out to satisfy passengers.

PRICES

16-20 H.P.	20-25 H.P.
2-Seater £585	2-Seater £650
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The 5-Seater models are now delivered fitted with nickel-plated radiators and side curtains that open with the doors.



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4. Convenience

OWNER-drivers select the Ruston-Hornsby for, amongst other features, its convenience.

Gear and brake levers can be reached without effort and are so placed that they do not interfere with the comfort of the front-seat passenger.

The front seats are adjustable for individual requirements. So, too, are the clutch and brake pedals.

Concealed lockers for spare petrol and lubricating oil tins, tools, etc., are provided behind the valances, and in every possible way the convenience of driver and passenger alike has been fully studied.

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"... It is quite an education to see Ricardo's variable compression engine run on various fuels; some of them give way to 'pinking' long before anything like the full efficiency is being got out of the motor. . . . Everything is accurately measured down to several decimal points, and there is no room left for matters of opinion. One had it clearly proved that 'Shell' No. 1 gives about 15 per cent. more power than other spirits which are to be bought in different coloured tins, to say nothing of marked economy. . . . I am glad to think the Shell folk are ready to submit their product to a searching and public test."

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To ensure the best running, use Shell Spirit and Shell Motor Lubricating Oil

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There's worth in Kenilworth

The "Kenilworth" crop now being used has developed magnificently in store, and is making the finest Virginians procurable to-day at any price. Yet Kenilworths only cost 1/6 for 20; 3/8 for 50; 7/4 for 100.

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The Mellowness of "M.L."

IF you ask for "M.L." you will get Mackinlay's Liqueur Scotch Whisky. If you ask for Mackinlay's Liqueur Scotch Whisky you will get "M.L."


And whichever way you ask for it you get a *real liqueur* Scotch Whisky of a mellowness never excelled. Mackinlay's M.L. Liqueur Scotch Whisky is **BLENDED WHERE IT IS DISTILLED, AND BOTTLED WHERE IT IS BLENDED.** Taste it, and you will realise that at 13/6 per bottle the greatest value in Scotch Whisky to-day is supplied by



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The pipe that cleans itself !

Simply withdraw Stem and the aluminium plunger (A) will bring with it all the nicotine moisture, etc. collected in the trap. (B)

The sketch above illustrates the remarkable simplicity of the UNDERBOARD Pipe. No complications—nothing to get out of order. The result is the finest smoke ever obtained from a pipe—cool, sweet, mellow, and never bites the tongue, clean, and always satisfactory. Hundreds of smokers testify daily to the wonderful qualities of the "UNDERBOARD."

Start smoking an "UNDERBOARD" on your holidays.

UNDERBOARD PIPE

The pipe you will eventually smoke

is made only of selected old Bruyere wood, beautifully grained in 36 shapes. Pipe exchanged if it should crack or burn. Obtainable from all shops of A. Baker & Co., Ltd., J. Leon & Co., and Elthams, Ltd., and all high-class Tobacconists. ... Each **10/6**

If in any difficulty in obtaining, write for a list.
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ALLOWS THE SKIN TO BREATHE.

Gives perfect freedom to every movement of the body, and is soft and soothing to the skin.

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Sold at all high-class shops, in sizes graded to fit all figures—in Drawers, Vests, and Union Suits in fine All-wool Taffeta, Pure Silk (white and coloured) mixed Wool and Cotton. For your own protection see that the Registered name "An-on" is on every garment. List of agents, patterns, and price list will be sent on application to AN-ON, 2, PLAYHOUSE YARD, E.C. 1



UNION SUIT.

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THE open road, where so many pleasant hours can be spent awheel, makes an irresistible appeal to the cyclist, because he realises that leisurely touring—so easy and universal—places within his reach an ever-widening vista where good views and good country abound.

The pleasures of the outing are further enhanced if you are mounted on a no-trouble TRIUMPH, because you have at all times an assurance of satisfaction and a machine which will give faultless service.

Motor Cycle or Cycle Catalogue sent Post Free on request.

TRIUMPH CYCLE CO., LTD., COVENTRY.

London: 218, Great Portland Street, W.1 and at Leeds, Manchester and Glasgow. Agents Everywhere.



CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"THERE are more things in heaven and earth—"

"How many more?"

"If you only knew how tired you make me with your fooling," complained The Broker, "I think you would be more merciful."

"The quality of mercy is not strained—"

"Look how wrong you were over Vickers," The Engineer taunted The Broker.

"I hope," retorted the latter, "that I shall never be too pig-headed to admit having made a mistake. We are now waiting to see what will happen with Marconis."

"In their case you come up against all kinds of cross-currents produced by speculation. Clients complain—"

"Never!" exclaimed The Merchant.

"Don't they?" laughed The Broker. "You mean that they never have any occasion to complain."

"Never!" echoed The Merchant ironically. "But you were complaining that we complained—"

"Oh, yes. You say that since we have had contangoes in the Stock Exchange you can't tell to what extent our prices are affected by mere speculative influences."

"You mean by such things as stale bull accounts, options, and so forth?"

"That's the idea. There's something in it, too. You have to allow for speculation shoving unexpected spokes into the usual wheel of the markets, and upsetting the orderly machinery of your own judgment."

"It's the unexpected that happens, whether you speculate or invest."

"Where does the one begin and the other end?"

"The whole question began some centuries ago, and it will never end so long as the Stock Exchange lasts."

The City Editor agreed. "But here's a more easily answered problem," he continued. "I am for ever getting letters with long lists of stocks and shares, eighty per cent. of which are almost unsaleable rubbish, while the remainder consists of things very low in price, but with a kind of sporting chance."

"What's the problem?" asked The Merchant, for information's sake.

"To know what to tell the holders how they ought to act. The rubbish is generally too low-priced to sell; the other, more often than not, has just that element of prospect which makes one hesitate to advise its being cleared out."

The Compartment evidently understood the position, because nobody spoke. The train rattled into a tunnel, roared through it, and then, as The Jobber let down a window, he suggested—

"I think the best plan would be to sell the lot, and put the money into something that had a decent scope for improvement."

The Engineer said: "Well, supposing you did tell a man to dispose of a list of this description, how would you suggest that the money should be re-invested?"

"Ay, there's the rub, as Levers say. South Africans?"

"Modder. B. Randfontein, Springs, and City Deep," suggested The Broker.

"How about Coronations?"

"Très chaud. In other words, keep off the grass."

"Coras or Little Chathams?"

"Only gambling counters. I'd rather have something with a certain amount of merit behind it, even though it may be speculative."

"Whitehall 7½ per cent. Preference at 18s. 9d., Jute 9 per cent. Preference at 17s. 6d., Crosbe and Blackwell 7½ per cent. First Prefs. at 16s. Or why not Mexican Eagle 7 per cent. Preference at 20s. 6d.?"

The City Editor wrote down the names on a slip of paper. "Thanks," said he; "one does get an occasional idea from a Stock Exchange man."

The Jobber bided his time, although he knew that the others were looking expectantly in his direction.

"Anything consoling to tell us about Rubber?" The Broker asked The Merchant.

"Well, really there isn't. Not yet. No doubt, the Dutch Government will take steps some day to restrict output from the Dutch rubber-producing companies, but the official mind is ponderous and takes a long time to get a move on."

Several of the other men sighed.

The City Editor quoted: "Answers to Correspondents. 'Anxious,' 'Doubtful,' 'Fed-up,' 'Latex,' etc.—Do not sell the Rubber shares for the time being. The price may recover by-and-by. Should advise you to watch the market carefully."

"A really useful answer," was The Jobber's tempting bait. Eagerly swallowed.

"I always try to help my correspondents," claimed The City Editor with justifiable pride.

"Do not sell," read out The Jobber. "Because, if you do, and the price goes up, you'll blame me; whereas, if you don't, I can always refer to the Bank Rate or general conditions as a reason for the price going down."

The City Editor flushed a little, but his tormentor did not stop. He read again—

"The price may recover by-and-by. How pathetically true and original! 'Watch the market carefully.' As if watching the market would make it rise. 'Watch it—'"

The City Editor, attempting to alight before the train stopped, was last seen trying to pacify an angry old lady whose umbrella he had put hopelessly out of action.

Friday, July 14, 1922.

The only Successful Method of Removing all Traces of Age

BY a wonderful scientific method known as the Hystogène Treatment, facial blemishes are corrected in one to three short visits. The face after treatment looks years younger. Puffs, rings, wrinkles and flabbiness around the eyes are removed, mouth lines disappear, sagging face is lifted, and the contour of youth restored. These remarkable results are accomplished without the use of massage, lotions, creams, pomades, steaming or paraffin injection. The Hystogène method has superseded all old, time-worn remedies. It is the only system which absolutely removes every ugly blemish from the face, either resulting from age or any other cause.



The following imperfections can be corrected permanently; the process is both painless and harmless:

Sagging Cheeks or Face, Imperfect Facial Contour Loose and Baggy Skin under the Eyes, Flabby and Wrinkled Eyelids, Overhanging, Fallen and Bulging Eyebrows, Crow's Feet, Wrinkles, Ugly Frown Lines, Lines from Nose to Mouth, Drooping Mouth Corners Imperfect Nose, Outstanding Ears, Receding Chin, Unrefined Complexion.

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"HYSTOGENE, the Facial Specialist, 40, Baker St., Portman Square, London, W.1 Telephone: Mayfair 5846. Established 1910. Hours from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

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Permanent Cure Guaranteed

ANY HAIR GROWTH permanently and painlessly destroyed by **AN ENTIRELY NEW METHOD**

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GOREE, WATER STREET, LIVERPOOL

"The Summer Girl"

who uses La-rola enjoys to the full any amusement which comes in her way, because her complexion has nothing to fear from the effects of sun and wind.

BEETHAM'S La-rola

(as pre-war)

softens and preserves the skin, giving it a velvety softness and smoothness and the rich bloom of perfect skin health. La-rola should be used regularly night and morning, and before and after exposure out of doors.

From all Chemists and Stores in bottles 1/6 & 2/6

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Bottles 1/-

M. BEETHAM & SON,
Cheltenham Spa,
ENGLAND

"For the man
who knows the
difference!"



GREEN STRIPE SCOTCH WHISKY

J & G STEWART LTD. (incorporating ANDREW USHER & CO.)
EDINBURGH & 79 MARK LANE, LONDON, E.C.

Established 1779

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GELLÉ FRÈRES'S

WORLD FAMOUS
DENTIFRICES

MATCHLESS
FOR THE TEETH
DELIGHTFULLY
REFRESHING



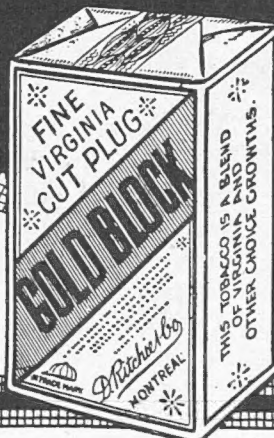
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 $2\frac{7}{8}$ 2oz. Packet
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FINE VIRGINIA CUT PLUG



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ALL LEADING

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MADE DAILY AT YEOVIL, SOMERSET.

SOFT, CREAMY, DELICIOUS

The only Cheese to which a Gold Medal has ever been awarded by the International Medical Congress.





Mount Pleasant,
Buddlesford-on-Sea,
June 26th, 1922.

My Dear Molly,

When are you coming down? Madge and I are having the time of our lives. I am sending you some Kodak snapshots; they will tell you more than pages of writing. The bundle in the old fisherman's arms is "me." I got cut off by the tide and had to be carried ashore, and of course, Madge was there with her Kodak—priceless, isn't it! But what do you think of the one I took of Madge chasing her hat on the Downs? You *must* bring your Kodak. I've read somewhere that a holiday without a Kodak is a holiday wasted—and it's really true. Do try to get away.

Best Love,

Ethel.

Save your holiday
memories with a

Kodak

*All Kodaks and Brownies have been reduced
in price. Here are two popular models*

No. 1 Autographic Kodak Junior, fitted with
Meniscus Achromatic Lens and Ball Bearing
Shutter. Takes pictures $3\frac{1}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$. Price £3-0-0

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Kodak Anastigmat Lens f/6.3 and Range Fin-
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Ask your nearest Kodak dealer to show you his stock of Kodaks.

Kodak Limited, Kingsway, London, W.C. 2.